THE LIVING AGE

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for July, 1933

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

SO MUCH that has recently happened in the United States was anticipated by foreign contributors to THE LIVING AGE and so many prophecies of the near American future have been appearing abroad in recent weeks that our editor has attempted to cast a 'Horoscope for America.' His forecast is primarily based on the latest foreign opinion, selected, digested, and summarized from an American point of view. The World Economic Conference may have already confirmed his anticipation of increasing economic nationalism and the wave of strikes and labor disputes that is just beginning over here may encourage the Fascist tendencies that he also foresees.

TWO anonymous French correspondents of the Paris illustrated weekly, *Vu*, made a quiet tour of Nazi Germany, interviewing representatives of many different social groups. The report they bring back is the first attempt we have seen to describe the Hitler revolution from many different points of view. Thus we are enabled to form some opinion of its qualities, defects, and excuse for existence.

ANOTHER *Vu* correspondent in Vienna tells how Hitler's doctrines are gaining ground in Austria. The article is intrinsically lively and interesting but it also possesses considerable political significance because, if Austria goes National Socialist and demands the *Anschluss* with Germany, the jig is up as far as the Versailles Treaty is concerned. At present Chancellor Dollfuss is holding the country in check and there may be enough French and Italian money in the background to preserve the present shaky government until a general settlement can be made in Central Europe. It is worth remembering in this connection that Austria is a Roman Catholic country and that the Vatican would prefer to see it collaborating with other Catholic countries to the East and South rather than submitting to the rule of Protestant Prussia.

JULIAN HUXLEY, grandson of Thomas Huxley, son of the late Leonard Huxley, brother of Aldous Huxley, and fellow worker with H. G. Wells, is one of the most influential British writers on scientific subjects. His radio talk, on new sources of power, reprinted from *The Listener*, prophesies that the world will have to turn from coal and petroleum to alcohol extracted from plants as its chief source of power. He discusses other sources of energy—winds, tides, rivers, sunlight, and atoms—and concludes that the vegetable products of tropical districts have the greatest possibilities. He therefore looks forward to a time when the torrid zone will be the most productive part of the world.

ALREADY the tropics do their share toward bringing forth wealth—witness the sugar crops grown on the rich soil of Cuba. But Cuba also brings forth dictatorships and labor troubles like those described in Luis Felipe Rodríguez's little story of Christmas Eve on a sugar plantation. Here is a picture of the daily lives of those who are now revolting against the Machado Government and may even cause its overthrow.

THERE has been so much abuse of the Nazis in all the foreign press that we are glad to present their side of the Jewish question. We are not sure that Count Reventlow, a Nazi member of the Reichstag since 1924, will cause many people to change their minds, but at least he makes out a case for himself and reminds us of the disproportionate number of Jews in positions of political, professional, and financial responsibility in Germany.

(*Continued on page 469*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

July, 1933 *Volume 344, Number 4402*

The World Over

EXACTLY two years ago the Governor of the Bank of England warned the Governor of the Bank of France that, if drastic changes were not made within the next twelve months, the system of world capitalism as it had existed up to then would collapse. The World Economic Conference in London marks the fulfillment of that prophecy. So grave is the condition of world trade and so uncertain its near future that no responsible editor or expert has dared to write anything but the most obvious generalities. By the time, however, this issue of the magazine appears, enough developments should have occurred to break the silence that has prevailed up to the very day these lines are being written.

Our comments, based as they are on comments in the foreign press, must therefore be vague, but we can at least indicate some of the issues at stake. As far as freer trade and lower tariffs are concerned, we simply cannot see any hope at all: the economic nationalism of Mr. Moley seems certain to prevail over the internationalism of his chief, Mr. Hull. For England had tied up her Dominions, the Argentine, the Scandinavian nations, and Germany in a network of trade agreements before the Conference even began, and her policy is completely in the hands of men who have deserted free trade for protection. With Ramsay MacDonald consigned to the chairmanship and Stanley Baldwin to outer darkness, the only two Cabinet members with any sympathy toward the United States have been excluded from responsibility.

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But the likelihood that some of Mr. Hull's ambitions will not be realized does not mean that the Conference will be barren of results or that the United States will be disappointed or defeated. The very coolness—not to say hostility—of the Conservative British press toward the American delegation indicates not indifference but fear. The cardinal aim of British post-war policy having been to preserve every existing institution and relationship, England has consistently struggled to maintain the *status quo*. But, whenever changes have appeared inevitable, British statesmanship has acted quickly. Just as the German navy, merchant marine, and colonial empire were destroyed and England's war aims were achieved before the Peace Conference had even assembled in 1919, so, in 1933, England had made all her essential trade arrangements before a single foreign delegation arrived in London. One problem, however, was not settled in advance, and a battle royal can therefore be anticipated between England and America on the currency question, with France determined to oppose any settlement that might tend to raise world prices. It is here that Montagu Norman's prophecies of capitalist collapse have been borne out most fully.

A further indication of the world's distress is that nationalist statesmen have turned to international action as a last resort. The futility of coöperative effort between rival states has never been more bitterly derided than in recent months, yet the same statesmen whose supporters insist that dog eat dog and devil take the hindmost are the only realistic policies to pursue are now acting on the assumption that only coöperation and compromise can save the day. The most that can be hoped for is that the self-sufficient economic areas that seem certain to develop in the next few years can come to some agreement with each other in respect to currency, disarmament, and debt settlement. If these matters can be adjusted, the World Economic Conference will be a howling success.

DURING the month that passed since this department was last prepared, Europe suffered its most serious war scare since 1914. The fact that hostilities did not break out perhaps confirms our judgment in ignoring the preliminary rumors that had been occupying more and more space in the foreign press since Hitler's accession to power last January. But now that the war cloud has been expelled by the Roosevelt and Hitler statements, a post-mortem is in order to show what really happened and what the chances are that the same situation will arise again. From the evidence so far published one is almost forced to conclude that the British Conservatives, who dominate the National Government, tried to bring about a 'preventive war' on Germany by dragooning France into occupying the Rhineland and the Poles into

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occupying Danzig. To keep Europe divided has been the keystone of British policy for centuries, and the rise of Hitler in Germany must lead to one of three things: first, war against France at some later date when Germany would be strong enough to triumph; secondly, agreement with France based on joint exploitation of the heavy industries of Alsace-Lorraine, Luxemburg, and the Rhineland; thirdly, revolution that would bring down the existing social order in every country east of the Rhine. Because all three of these possibilities are almost equally distasteful to the British Conservatives, the press that they control alternated between attacking Hitler and prophesying war. The French, on the other hand, are not unalterably opposed to Hitler because it would be possible for them to collaborate industrially with the Germans and divide the European market to the detriment of England.

The cool reception that greeted Roosevelt's intervention in behalf of peace indicates how disappointed the British Conservatives were when the war they had been whooping up failed to materialize. The *Saturday Review*, for instance, commented as follows on the Roosevelt message:—

> What is its substance? There is no suggestion that the new state of affairs in Germany demands caution. Possibly the MacDonald Disarmament Plan might be a first step toward Utopia in a world of unselfish nations, but even the visionary is startled when the President declares that if 'any strong nation' refuses to join 'with genuine sincerity' in the pursuit of peace, the civilized world will know where the responsibility lies. 'Genuine sincerity'—who in Heaven's name can judge whether his best friend is acting with 'genuine sincerity'? As for the civilized world and responsibility, there was a matter of international obligations that concerned the neutrality of Belgium, and Germany to-day indignantly rejects any burden of war guilt.
>
> Have there not been enough pacts of nonaggression? Solemn affirmations to limit and reduce armaments penalize only the honest, in particular our own country.
>
> At least the President might have had a word of encouragement for those who fought in a war which the Americans only fifteen years ago called a 'crusade.' Then we were all crusaders together; but, when it comes to the cost of that crusade, there is not a word of comfort from across the seas. Not a syllable does the President utter on the problem of war debts. It is not surprising that Mr. Roosevelt's eloquence should find France icy cold and a large part of England skeptical.

The *New Statesman and Nation* assails 'Conservative doctrine represented by the *Daily Express*' as 'a danger to world peace' and goes on to say:—

> It favors Japanese aggression, not only as a bulwark against Russia, but as an ally in the struggle that would necessarily follow with the United States if the closed empire it advocates ever became a reality. It is to this dangerous school of thought that Herr Rosenberg appeals when he puts forward his happy idea of solving the Corridor problem by persuading the Poles to give it up in exchange

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for the Russian Ukraine—which they, simple souls, would presumably have to fight for. It is to this sentiment that Hitler looks for support when he declares that he stands not for aggression in Europe but for hostility to Communism. Let us not then be deluded into thinking that pro-Hitlerism has anything to do with pacifism.

But the cold shoulder that Rosenberg received in London shows that the British realize that Hitler is not working for peace and that they have decided to work against him.

WHERE, then, will England stand when the next war emergency arises? The answer depends on what party is ruling the country at the time. The present Conservative leaders can be counted on to take the side of the weaker European coalition in order to prevent a strong group of powers from creating a stable, self-sufficient Europe from which British exports would be excluded, and such a group of powers may be formed the moment Italy becomes convinced that Germany is sufficiently rearmed to attack France. As Robert Dell, one of the keenest British students of European affairs, says:—

I was in Italy in March, and left it with the profound conviction that the whole nation is being systematically prepared and trained for war. But Mussolini does not want war until Germany is ready, and, naturally, would prefer, if possible, to get Dalmatia and attain his other objectives without it. Hence his proposal of the Four-Power Pact. It was evident in March that the Italians were embarrassed by the naïf candor of their Nazi partners, and the embarrassment must have been increased by such incidents as Herr von Papen's speech at Münster on May 14.

And Mr. Dell looks for war in the not distant future:—

There is a good time coming for the armament manufacturers, for the [disarmament draft] convention restores the unrestricted private manufacture of arms in Germany and the other countries where it was abolished by the peace treaties and annuls the prohibition of the import and export of arms into and from those countries. It is said that Skoda and Schneider are working overtime so as to be first in the field before Krupp's starts again. This cancels all the trivial limitations of the draft convention and makes it positively pernicious. In the black record of the British Government during the last sixteen months at Geneva there is nothing so black as its persistent opposition to the suppression of the private manufacture of armaments, which is the heart of the whole matter, as the head of the delegation of a Great Power said to me a few days ago.

But the British Government that has left this 'black record' is no more permanent than any other political institution in changing Europe, and even a preventive war would present difficulties. The *Statist* comments as follows in this connection:—

Germany obviously has not the means of bringing about by force the territorial revisions she is understood to desire. The simple fact, for example, that

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Poland has a mobilizable force of nearly one and a quarter million men, compared with 100,000 in the *Reichswehr* (and the private armies cannot be counted as an effective offensive force) should put a stop to any ambitions in that direction. On the other hand, a preventive war undertaken by France and Poland would be almost as foolish. Germany could not and probably would not attempt to defend her frontiers against such a combination, but the invaders would find that a guerrilla war with about a million armed Nazis and the whole German nation at the fever point of Nationalist feeling would be a different proposition from the invasion of the Ruhr in 1923. Unless the political leaders of the countries concerned suddenly succumb to an attack of complete imbecility, we may dismiss the possibility of war in the immediate future as absurd.

The danger, as *The Statist* goes on to say, 'lies rather a few years ahead,' and it is impossible to foretell at the present time what the situation will be even a year or two from now.

THE LOAN of thirty million pounds that a London banking group extended to the French Treasury had two purposes, one French, one English. The French purpose was to arrest the fall in French Government securities, occasioned by the fear that France would be driven off the gold standard. At the end of April three-per-cent *Rentes* had sunk from an average price of 78.60 francs in 1932, 86.73 in 1931, and 87.60 in 1930, to 67.20. The 1917 four-per-cent *Rentes* had declined from 101.56 in 1930 to 79.80, and the four-and-a-half-per-cent Consolidation Loan of 1932 dropped from 100 to 87.10. The immediate cause of the slump was the knowledge that the British Equalization Fund had purchased five billion francs since the first of the year and had converted half of them into gold. This had made the French public nervous, and, when the Chamber of Deputies authorized a ten-billion-franc internal loan, only half that sum was taken up by the banks. By receiving thirty million pounds from London, however, the French Treasury was able to sell these pounds and buy francs, thus increasing confidence in the national currency and not causing any withdrawal of gold. The British purpose of the transaction was to depreciate the pound sterling, a manœuvre that has become increasingly important to England now that the dollar has gone off gold.

DECLINING economic activity in France partially accounts for the nation's financial troubles. The adverse trade balance for the first four months of 1933 came to 4,168 million francs, as against 3,134 millions last year. Imports of food-stuffs and raw materials rose and imports of manufactured goods declined 18 per cent. These figures, however, are expressed in terms of price; in respect to volume, French imports increased three and a half per cent over 1932 and exports one-half of one per cent. More serious are the losses in tourist traffic. Foreign visitors to

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France totaled 1,911,107 in 1929, 1,542,285 in 1931, and 944,358 in 1932. British tourists fell from 881,000 in 1929 to 522,000 last year. American fell from 296,174 in 1929 to 143,208 last year, and tourists from the South American republics dropped from 150,000 in 1929 to 20,250 in 1932. But the most interesting figures from France show that although 300,000 workers still receive unemployment allowances—there are many times that number of unemployed—nearly 3,000 foreign workers entered the country during a single week in April, most of whom were allocated to agriculture.

AMONG the revolutionary feats lately accomplished by the Nazis in Germany is the enactment of a law entirely altering the status of labor. In future no wage agreements will be made between the trade unions and the employers' associations; instead the Government will appoint 'Trustees of Labor' who will, 'in the place of the laborers' organizations, individual employers, or the associations of employers, issue regulations legally binding on all parties concerned, establishing the conditions for the concluding of wage agreements.' What this means is that the Nazis have set about establishing themselves as leaders of the German industrial workers, most of whom voted Socialist, Communist, or Centrist at the March elections. The first step is to put the control of wages in the hands of the Government, but this is only a beginning, as the aim of the Nazis is to create corporations or guilds that will regulate the rates of pay and the hours and conditions of labor. And this is only one indication among many that the mass movement which now controls the state apparatus is preparing to make fresh conquests. Pierre Dominique, one of the most intelligent political commentators in France, makes this analysis of the Hitler movement:—

> In any case, the die is cast. Reactionary, monarchist, clerical Germany is faced with a new fact. The masses have escaped the control of the Socialist Party and they will escape more and more from the control of a Communist Party that is without means of expression and propaganda. The Centre Party will tend more and more to join forces with the party in power. The masses will therefore become increasingly in favor of Hitler or resigned to him and the whole struggle, which will allow no scope to the left-wing parties, which are now deprived of their favorite themes, will be between these masses on the one hand and the Nationalist, conservative agrarians on the other. The battle of to-morrow will be the battle of Hitler and Hugenberg; with the defeat of the possessors and the victory of the masses as the probable outcome.

SOME TIME must pass before we can tell whether the Fascist tendencies in England commented upon here a month ago will assume serious proportions, but in the meantime something similar to the creed of Mussolini and Hitler has taken root in Portugal. It is called National

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Syndicalism and seems to include the same hodgepodge of incongruities that go to make up German National Socialism. Its leader, Rolao Preto, looks like Hitler. The manual workers have been won over by the symbol of the blue shirt. The thunder of the Communists has been stolen by the adoption of a red flag adorned with a white cross in order to win the approval of the Church. And, most important of all, the upper classes are assured that National Syndicalism 'will erect a strong dam against Communism, Socialism, and other influences subversive of the present social order.' The actual programme of the party, which maintains the Fascist tradition of vagueness, has been defined as follows by the editor of Preto's paper, *Revoluçao:*—

> A movement of opinions and ideas toward a more just and equitable social organization. We aim at substituting the principle of liberty of work by a system of 'harmony of direction' under which capital, technical knowledge, and labor will coöperate under the protective care of the state in the maximum productive return for the welfare of the nation.

But *Revoluçao* is careful to distinguish the differences between National Syndicalism and Italian and German Fascism:—

> Whereas both those movements inculcate the worship of the 'Kaiser State,' National Syndicalism, based on the traditional Christianity of the Portuguese people, has worked out a formula that permits us to harmonize the sovereignty of the state with the moral dignity of free and spiritual entities.

NOW that an Anglo-Persian oil agreement has been arrived at, an Anglo-Persian 'Treaty of Friendship, Commerce, and Nonaggression' seems likely to follow. W. N. Ewer, diplomatic correspondent of the Laborite *Daily Herald*, prophesies that it will include these seven points:—

(1) A mutual pact of nonaggression and guaranteed security.
(2) General diplomatic coöperation.
(3) Facilities for British air routes and, possibly, a railway linking Irak with India.
(4) Coöperation between Great Britain and Persia in the 'policing' of the Persian Gulf.
(5) Preference for British subjects in all economic concessions in Persia, and for British banks in the floating of all loans.
(6) British assistance in reorganizing the Persian army and air force, and, in particular, the defenses on the Russian border.
(7) The purchase of large quantities of military equipment in Great Britain.

He then comments as follows:—

> The anti-Soviet character of the plan is fairly obvious. And with the diplomatic treaty is to go a commercial treaty giving preferential treatment to British and Indian trade that would involve the cancellation of the existing Russo-Persian agreement and, perhaps, special measures directed against Russian trade

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on the ground of 'dumping.' To obtain a treaty of this sort, excluding Russian influence from Persia and making British influence dominant there, has been a 'diplomatic objective' ever since the Revolution put an end to the 1907 arrangement by which Persia was partitioned into British and Russian 'spheres of influence.'

What seems to have happened is that Shah Riza Khan has decided to end a fourteen-year period of dispute with England and to follow up his profitable oil settlement with a policy of complete coöperation with Great Britain. Mr. Ewer says that this step will complete the post-war British system of alliances and mandates extending from Tripolitania to the Indian frontier.

WHILE Japan's foreign trade increases, so do her financial difficulties. For the first three months of 1933 imports totaled 541,284,000 yen as against 410,781,000 yen for 1932, exports rose from 251,733,000 yen to 371,310,000, and the unfavorable trade balance increased from 159,048,000 yen to 169,794,000. But all these increases are in terms of the yen, which has depreciated to about two-fifths of its normal value, thus causing a great financial strain. Governor Hijikata of the Bank of Japan summed up the situation as follows at the recent annual meeting of the Trust Society of Osaka:—

> The decline of exchange rates since last year has resulted in higher prices, promotion of export trade, and a turn for the better in Japanese business and industry. On the other hand, the financial recovery of the world has progressed very slowly and no signs of higher prices have been observed so far. Prices in Japan, which had been following an upward course since June of last year, have begun to decline since February. Call rates, which never fell below 1 sen per 100 yen per day during the first half of 1932, weakened in the latter half and the prevailing rate for the best borrowers now is 0.6 sen. Reckless currency inflation without regard to actual demand for funds from business and industry would have bad effects on finance. The Bank of Japan is on the alert to regulate currency circulation but it will be impossible for the Central Bank alone to remove all the attendant evils. We sincerely hope that the bankers will help us.

Japan's national debt rose to over seven billion yen at the end of March, of which over five and a half billions represent foreign loans. Ordinary domestic business is poor, but the airplane and munitions industries are going strong. That the nation as a whole has not been thriving is indicated by an increase during 1932 of over 25 per cent in the suicide rate of metropolitan Tokyo.

WE HAVE always insisted that too much attention is paid to the possibility of war in Europe and not enough to the actuality of war in Asia. Last month we quoted two anti-British comments from the hitherto pro-English press of Tokyo, and at just about the same time that our issue

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appeared, 'Augur,' a semiofficial spokesman for the British Foreign Office, devoted his Sunday dispatch in the *New York Times* to pointing out the increasing tension between Great Britain and Japan caused by the dumping of Japanese goods manufactured by labor that costs one-tenth of what it does in England and sold in terms of a currency that has depreciated twice as much as England's. Still more recently, Seigo Nakano, a spokesman for Adachi's Fascist Party, has gone the limit in an article appearing in *Gaiko Jiho*, or *Diplomatic Review*. Mr. Nakano attacks 'Western hypocrisy' and asserts that all treaties with Western powers must be 'liquidated *in toto*.' He boasts that Japan has a population of 70 million Japanese, 20 million 'Korean brethren,' and 30 million Manchurians. Thus, he proceeds, Japan can confront the world with 120,000,000 picked Asiatics. Nor does Japan need to fear an economic blockade:—

> Should an economic blockade be enforced against Japan, it is in our power to blockade China and all Eastern Asia from Sakhalin down to Hongkong and Canton completely, so that the waters between the Japanese archipelago and the continent will be a Japanese lake. Japan's position to-day is very strong. The Western Pacific is completely in the hands of our navy, while on the continent our army is in a position to do as it pleases. Thus, the Heaven-appointed mission of our nation is well within realization and it is high time that we got rid of those statesmen who do not fully comprehend this great mission and have contracted the bad habit of meekly and unreasoningly submitting to the Western world. Our diplomats have been accustomed to approaching European and American statesmen with the deportment and language of servants, submissively chiming in with their views and accepting the yoke of international treaties made in favor of Europe and America. This must stop and we must get rid of all treaties couched in plausible and hypocritical phraseology.

He accuses Great Britain of using the League of Nations to ruin Japan, but he does not take seriously the prospect of Japanese-American conflict on the ground that the United States would lose its China trade and could not protect the Philippines or even Hawaii, since its navy, unlike Japan's, has not been built up to full treaty strength.

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The editor of THE LIVING AGE forecasts some impending developments in the United States on the basis of what has happened to other countries that found themselves in similar circumstances.

Horoscope *for* AMERICA

By THE EDITOR
of THE LIVING AGE

DURING the past few months the foreign press has devoted more and more space to forecasts of America's next few years. This is not a new game, nor is it one that the foreigner does not know how to play—witness these three quotations from our own columns of two years ago:—

> Europe should recognize that the whole economic fabric of America is in danger.—*Stephen Graham, April 1931.*

> The same sources that led us to report four months ago that Germany faced immediate collapse now lead us to report that the United States is on the verge of national bankruptcy.—*'The World Over,' November 1931.*

> One thing is certain: the [American] banks are now so loaded up with frozen assets that some method of providing additional credit is imperative if they are to survive.—*Dr. Leonhard Oberascher, December 1931.*

And, as the course of events confirmed the general trend of these prophecies, the foreign soothsayers became increasingly specific. An editorial from the *New Statesman and Nation*, reprinted in our January issue, prophesied a return to bimetallism in the United States, and within five months the price of silver had advanced 40 per cent. As soon as the banks closed their doors in March many foreign observers took inflation of the dollar for granted, and last month we presented a sheaf of prophecies from abroad as to what the consequences might be. Our April issue quoted the *New English Weekly* as prophesying 'a virtual dictatorship,' and this month we are devoting our 'As Others See Us' department to 'Dictator Roosevelt.' In short, several implications of the New Deal are already being widely discussed abroad.

Many European prophecies about the United States have, of course, missed fire, and certain aspects of

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American life have been completely ignored abroad. But when the European sees America being compelled by the same forces to adopt the same policies that Europe did under similar circumstances his prophecies hit the bull's eye. The few instances quoted above all deal with recent developments in America that duplicated previous developments in Europe—financial collapse, currency inflation, and suspension of parliamentary authority. The European foresaw these developments in the United States because he recognized familiar symptoms that had led to the same consequences in his own country. Let me, therefore, go back a little and trace these correspondences; then, having drawn the American parallel up to the present time, let me do what many Europeans have done in the past few years and forecast America's future in so far as foreign precedent throws light upon it.

Between 1914 and 1918 the nations of Europe sold bonds to their own people and borrowed money from abroad in order to pay for the material consumed in fighting the War. Between 1921 and 1929 the corporations of America sold their products, bonds, and stock certificates on the home market while the bankers of America extended credits abroad to enable foreigners to buy American goods. After the War Germany could not maintain the gold standard and England and France suspended gold payments in 1920 the moment the United States withdrew its support from the pound and the franc. In 1923 the German Republic inflated the mark out of existence—in other words, canceled the obligations that the Empire had contracted to the holders of its Imperial bonds, freed all German debtors from all their domestic obligations, and destroyed the one form of wealth that millions of Germans possessed. Three years later the French Government repudiated 80 per cent of what it owed to the holders of all its securities by stabilizing a franc once worth 20 cents at 4 cents, and five years after that the English pound depreciated 30 per cent. On March 4, 1933, the United States temporarily suspended the gold standard, definitely abandoned it six weeks later, and took such unmistakable steps toward inflation that the dollar declined 10 per cent in a fortnight. Just as the belligerent powers could not repay in full the debts they had accumulated as a result of their war-time expenditures, so our corporations, municipalities, and even our state governments and Federal Government—not to mention our individual debtors—cannot now repay the same dollars that they borrowed during a decade of expansion.

Not only did the effects of the War on Europe set some precedents for the effects of the depression on America; the depression itself has already advanced further in some parts of Europe than it has in the United States. Thus we find the banks of Germany closing their doors in July 1931, twenty months before the banks of America did the same thing. As long ago as 1930 Germany also instituted a series of Emergency Decrees under Chancellor Brüning, to whom the Reichstag gradually abdicated its powers just as Congress has suddenly handed over many of its functions to the President.

In like manner, a month before England went off the gold standard, the Labor Cabinet was supplanted by

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a National Government that demanded and received a 'Doctor's Mandate' in the form of a Parliament far more submissive to its wishes than the present American Congress is to the White House. And in 1926, when Poincaré halted the inflation of the franc, he had to form a Cabinet of National Concentration similar to the National Government in England.

II

All these European precedents for recent developments in the United States explain why numerous French, German, and English observers correctly prophesied bankruptcy, inflation, and dictatorship over here: they had been through the same mill themselves. But what next? What will some of the other cards in the New Deal be? Let us inquire first of Germany, since it possesses a set of conditions more nearly like those in the United States than can be found in any other great power. Though not completely self-sufficing, Germany has a farm population of about 15 millions—roughly 25 per cent of the total population as compared to 40 per cent in America. Germany's industrial output is equal to Russia's and second only to America's. In other words, both countries are highly industrialized yet possess a farming population large enough to modify national policy. Here are two basic resemblances that have already helped to create several parallel manifestations.

Even before Hitler came into power the German Government owned 40 per cent and controlled 75 per cent of the country's banking business. It has always owned and operated the railways and has extended loans to most of the major industries—notably shipping and air transport. What twelve years of Socialist control, crowned by the two-year Brüning dictatorship, did to Germany, twelve years of Republican control, crowned by one year of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, did to the United States. But the Germans prefer to call a spade a spade. The governments that socialized the wealth of the country called themselves Socialists, and now Hitler, who is extending state authority still further, calls himself a National Socialist. But our Republicans, whose final creation was the R.F.C., called themselves rugged individualists, and their successors, who call themselves Democrats, have installed their leader as dictator to continue the good work of government interference in the name of Thomas Jefferson.

The point, however, is not what names are given to political parties in Germany or the United States; the important thing is to recognize certain basic resemblances that have created certain similar consequences—bank failures, the enlistment of armies of unemployed to work the land, decline in trade-union membership, an increasing white-collar proletariat, increasing government interference in private business, and higher food prices, to mention a few outstanding instances. Now if similar policies in two countries with similar economic structures have produced similar effects, some of the same social forces must be at work in both of them.

Germany has just undergone a revolution unique in history. A political party composed chiefly of white-collar workers and expressing the demands of that element in the community has been voted into power by

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a majority of the citizens—a feat that has been paralleled only once in the history of the German Republic, immediately after the Social Democratic Party had itself accomplished a successful revolution in 1919. The outstanding characteristics of the Nazis and their victory need not be rehearsed here; we need only recall that the Nazi movement was the consequence of precisely the same inflationary policies that the Roosevelt Administration has just set in motion. And even though the United States has not yet developed a party organization similar to Hitler's, the Roosevelt policies and the situation to which they are being applied may be capable together of developing some of the features of German Fascism. For whereas the German working class is proportionately larger and more class-conscious than the American working class, the American white-collar workers are more numerous and perhaps more class-conscious than the white-collar workers of Germany. Labor-saving machinery is more widely used in the United States than in Germany and the American white-collar class, whose ranks have been swollen by this machinery, has been made radio-, Frigidaire-, and two-car-conscious by a decade of propaganda as effective as anything that the Nazis have produced. Already the teachers, functionaries, pension-holders, office-workers, and small business men of America are seeing their meagre incomes dropping and their jobs vanishing; their savings are rapidly disappearing, and, as the dollar is inflated and prices rise, what money they have left in banks or insurance policies will be automatically reduced in buying power while their salaries—the Federal Government ordered a fifteen-per-cent cut on the verge of inflation and reduced pensions some half billion dollars a year—will become increasingly inadequate.

On the basis of German experience during a period of inflation and rationalization we may therefore anticipate in America a pseudo-revolutionary movement similar, in some respects, to Hitler's. I say 'in some respects' because there does not exist in the United States any labor movement comparable to the Socialist trade unions of Germany or any revolutionary party comparable to the German Communists. The financial support that made the Nazi movement possible was forthcoming only because the big German bankers and industrialists saw in the dispossessed white-collar workers their only protection against increasing socialization of wealth and ultimate revolution. There are plenty of dispossessed white-collar workers in the United States, and their tribulations will increase if inflation has the same results here that it did in Germany. But we have no labor movement and no organized revolutionary party with millions of adherents against whom the 'Vested Interests' need to hire protection.

Where, then, do the resemblances between Germany and the United States lie? Several items in our 'As Others See Us' department argue that Roosevelt has behind him many of the same elements of mass support that sustain Hitler in Germany, and even so prudent a journal as the London *Economist* has compared the Hitler sweep in March with the Roosevelt victory in November: 'From extreme economic depression strange political forces arise; and the indications are

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that in the United States, no less than in Germany, democracy, if it is to survive the crisis, may have to surrender much of its traditional policy to its executive rulers.' Nor is increased executive authority the only common attribute of the New Deal and the Third Reich. Remember that we have already seen Chicago school-teachers clubbed by the unpaid local constabulary for demanding their own back wages and that in Germany the Nazi movement has done more than arouse to political action and physical violence members of professions hitherto renowned for their meekness. Hitler has popularized revolutionary slogans and has demanded outright confiscation of private industry, wealth, and banking. Such demands were not, of course, indorsed by his financial backers and were merely introduced to attract mass support, but the rank and file of the Nazis have taken him so seriously that German securities soon lost all the ground they gained immediately after the Nazi victory. Meanwhile, let us recall that after a long life of muckraking Lincoln Steffens concluded that what he called 'the system' was to blame—the same 'system' that the Nazis have attacked in Germany and that is coming into increasing disrepute among the white-collar workers of the United States.

In Germany the 'system' that the Nazis want to destroy includes Jews, bankers, Socialists, and the Versailles Treaty. What comes under the 'system' that American white-collar workers now regard with increasing hostility? The immense unpopularity of Wall Street bankers has already led to a series of Congressional investigations. A completely remodeled banking system under Federal control may therefore be anticipated as the least that will satisfy the country's present mood. The corruption and incompetence of most public officials have made the Roosevelt dictatorship possible. Will a national organization outside the framework of the existing political parties be the next step? The activities of gangsters have horrified the public to such an extent that the third degree is being continued as standard police practice in spite of several brutal revelations. This method, already applied to radical as well as to criminal prisoners, may be expected to spread still further outside the station house as fear of trouble-makers increases—especially fear of Communists, labor agitators, Negroes, and foreigners, who become increasingly unpopular during periods of social and economic crisis. We may therefore anticipate legislative action executed by a veritable dictatorship against some of the magnates of finance and industry. We may look for increasing violence on the part of the police, the militia, and the Federal troops against working-class agitators. And we may also see fighting side by side with these troops armed members of some national organization similar to the Ku Klux Klan. In short, civil liberties, free speech, free assembly, and a free press may be increasingly menaced.

III

So much for the negative aspects of the New Deal. What will its positive qualities be? Just as the German white-collar worker looks back on the old Imperial days as a period of security, so the American white-collar worker looks back on the decade of prosperity

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as a period of hope—for, what security is to the European, hope is to the American, and those of us who became two-car-conscious between 1920 and 1930 have surely not lost the hopes engendered by that decade. Under different management we still hope for even happier days—witness the vogue of Technocracy and its $20,000 a year. And just as the German who wants the Empire back without the Kaiser associates with that period beer gardens, Wagnerian music, military display, dueling, and a little poetry and philosophy, so the American who wants prosperity back, but under the management of different engineers, associates with prosperity automobiles, radios, electrical ice boxes, and pineapple, whipped-cream, and maraschino-cherry salads.

Before, however, we conclude on the basis of German precedent that our white-collar workers are going to start the United States on the road to state socialism via Fascism, let us recall that human nature does not always follow precedents, however compelling they may appear. It might be assumed, for instance, that the United States could not possibly model its economic or social policies on those of England; the two countries differ so fundamentally in natural resources, geographical position, and density of population that they seem to have little to teach each other.

But this observation, although it held just as much water fifteen years ago as it does to-day, did not prevent a small, powerful group of Americans from aping a small, powerful group of Englishmen, with disastrous results to all concerned. The Americans to whom I refer believed that, because the United States had cornered the world's supply of monetary gold and had become the creditor of the universe after the War, it could forthwith usurp England's position as world banker. But England had been spending more money abroad for foreign goods than she had been receiving from other nations for her own exports. She had therefore lent money to foreign countries whose interest payments more than made up for her unfavorable trade balance. America, on the other hand, was receiving more money from her own exports than she spent on foreign goods, yet hoped to receive, over and above her favorable trade balance, substantial interest payments on the money she had invested abroad.

Some of the same Americans who were advocating our disastrous policy of foreign loans fifteen years ago are to-day advocating lower tariffs in the futile hope that increased international trade will terminate the world slump. But what they are really doing is following up the financial policies of pre-war Britain with the concomitant doctrine of free trade, which the British themselves have officially abandoned. For the British have discovered that no industrial country can export its wares to another country that manufactures the same wares itself. They have found that the foreign countries to which they lent money a generation ago are now causing British exports to be reduced and that their interest payments from abroad no longer make up for their unfavorable balance of trade. Harold Scarborough, London correspondent of the *New York Herald Tribune*, sums up what he calls 'this heretical school of English economists' as follows in a dispatch written on May 6:—

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What the world is now witnessing—it is held—is the final phase in the industrial revolution. This argument is developed something like this: During the period extending, roughly, from the American Revolution to the World War the application of power to industrial processes was revolutionizing production. In this time certain nations, through possession of natural resources or adaptability of the population or other circumstances, gained a differential advantage over the rest of the world, turning themselves into workshops and drawing an increasing proportion of their food and raw materials from overseas.

But the war of 1914 at once showed the fatal weakness in the position of those nations which had carried the industrialization process furthest within a limited area—such as England—and the enormous strength of resistance inherent in the more self-contained nations, such as Germany. Therefore, after the War there developed economic nationalism, primarily as a means of self-defense, but fostered by the high tariff policy of nations such as the United States.

Coincidently with this development various nations found that automatic and semi-automatic machinery had been so perfected that with a relatively small loss of efficiency they could make for themselves commodities they had always had to import. Since the only justification for international trade is that some articles can be produced better and more cheaply in certain countries than in others, this heretical school of British economists holds that a large part of the need for exchange of commodities across oceans is disappearing.

As long ago as the fall of 1930, Hans Zehrer, then political editor of the *Vossische Zeitung* and now editor of *Die Tat*, the only intelligent mouthpiece of National Socialist opinion, wrote: 'There are two ways out of the present crisis. One of them is extensive international coöperation. The other is a return to the purely national field. All indications show that the former path has become impossible and that we must therefore take the latter.' In other words, this was the orthodox view in Germany two and a half years before even the 'heretical school' of economists expressed it in England.

IV

America's international bankers with their frozen German credits, their Kreuger shell games, and their defaulting South American dictatorships stand convicted of what Thorstein Veblen called 'total imbecility.' But, though they may be doomed as individuals, some of their illusions have already proved infectious. Secretary of State Hull is an advocate of lower tariffs as a stimulus toward increased international trade, and many learned economists and journalists indorse his views. America, the most nearly self-sufficient modern society in the world, may be compelled to suffer from the delusions of men who believe that our industrial products can still be sold to nations manufacturing the same products. Just as Wall Street once tried to play the rôle of Lombard Street and make New York replace London as the central clearing house of world credit and world trade, so an economic philosophy, hatched by the special interests of Wall Street, may now spread to statesmen responsible for our national policy and we may witness another attempt to make water flow uphill. For the only possible direction world trade can take in the future is north and south. Countries in the temperate zones must still exchange certain products for others that can be produced only in the tropics. For a decade or two Russia and possibly China may also want to import machinery.

As far, then, as foreign trade is concerned, the United States, like all the other major industrial powers, seems

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destined to a future of increasing national self-sufficiency. The trend is already clear in Germany and England, and America is far more nearly self-sufficient than either of those two countries. But the past fourteen years have taught us that human beings do not always follow the policies that reason and circumstance would seem to dictate. We should not, therefore, count too confidently on America's adoption of the policy of economic nationalism.

Since history rarely repeats itself and since one of the cardinal lessons of historic precedent is that it throws deceptive light on the future, I shall merely suggest that we have reason to anticipate a tendency toward Fascism at home and a tendency toward economic nationalism abroad. Having described foreign tendencies, I have had to use foreign terminology, fully aware that it can only hint at what the tendencies it describes will be like if they ever appear in the United States. And there are other possible tendencies that I have not even mentioned. What light, for instance, does foreign precedent throw on the future of the American farmer and on the future of the American proletariat? But the words, 'American farmer,' connote something peculiarly American, just as the words, 'American proletariat,' connote something peculiarly non-American. For there is no equivalent in Europe for the millions of independent American farmers, any more than America has any equivalent for the highly organized, class-conscious industrial proletariat of Germany and England. Thus we find the American farmer as militant during the depression as the European proletariat, whereas the European 'peasant'—not farmer—has been as supiné as the American industrial worker.

These two groups, comprising as they do more than half the population of both Europe and America, control the ultimate destinies of both continents because they control the sources of life and the implements of production and transportation. The organizations of the German proletariat are momentarily crushed or in the hands of the Nazis; most of the German peasants supported Hitler. There is no precedent anywhere for what may happen next in Germany because no other industrial state with a considerable farming population has ever sunk into such a deep or prolonged depression. And even in England there are rumblings of impending change—witness our quotation from the *Economist* a month ago prophesying that a sweeping Labor victory at the next election may bring into existence a powerful Fascist movement. The United States still has recourse to several remedies—notably inflation—that have postponed the day of reckoning in Germany. At present, all we can learn from abroad is what usually accompanies some of the depression cures now being administered over here. The fact that the National Government in Great Britain and the National Socialist Government in Germany both rest on the same basis of petty-bourgeois support that elected Mr. Roosevelt will also be useful to file for future reference because it means that similar economic interests and social groups control the state apparatus in all three countries. If, therefore, America's near future parallels Europe's recent past, America's more distant future may parallel the near future of Europe.

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Two correspondents of a Paris topical weekly conduct us behind the scenes of the Third Reich and another correspondent of the same paper shows how Fascism is gaining ground in Austria.

The Latest *in* Fascism

By Three French Correspondents

Translated from *Vu*, Paris Topical Weekly

I. Inside Fascist Germany

By Two Correspondents

A FEW months ago Germany was like any other country. Anybody could inform himself about it without difficulty by the usual methods employed in all civilized countries. Today Germany has become the land of mystery. German journalists have only one right left—to shout '*Heil Hitler*.' Foreign journalists who wish to keep their newspapers informed have no choice but to publish official communiqués or be ejected. In the face of the contradictory reports issued by friends and enemies of the present régime in Germany, *Vu* felt it should provide objective information, in spite of the fact that some of its issues have been forbidden on Nazi soil. There could be no question of an official correspondent. *Vu* therefore sent to Germany two confidential members of its staff who know German perfectly and who were charged with reporting at their own risk and peril the truth about the Third Reich. Here is their report.—Editor of *Vu*.

'If you go there officially as journalists you will learn nothing.' All the German refugees with whom we talked both in Paris and on our way agreed on that. 'You will see only the outside, the uniform things wear,' they affirmed. 'Germany is a land of organization, and don't forget it. Your movements will be controlled everywhere, more or less discreetly. Of course, you will not be prevented from seeing what you want to see, but those who might give you information will tell you nothing. Fearing reprisals,

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they will do everything they can to avoid trouble. They know too well what will happen to them if your conclusions are not favorable.'

'If you want to get a real picture of Germany under Hitler, first arrange to travel incognito,' a refugee journalist advised us. 'Go as tourists on a sight-seeing trip. But have no illusions. Even if you succeed in remaining unknown your task will not be easy. You have to find people first and then persuade them to talk. Remember the Terror and that people are afraid.'

'As for yourselves, you have nothing much to fear,' we were told in Paris. 'You may be taxed as foreigners or expelled, but people who give you information risk everything.'

'In any event, don't telephone,' we were told. Of course. Telephone wires are tapped everywhere.

These precautions seemed rather exaggerated in Paris and we wondered whether the people who gave them to us were suffering from some psychosis. But can one ever really be sure? It is better to err on the side of caution.

II

In the half-empty train that took us to the German frontier, which is now so tightly guarded that nothing but fear can escape through it, we discussed the question that was to form the basis of our investigation, the question how to reconcile the stories of the refugees and official declarations.

In the last station before the frontier, a third traveler entered our compartment. He looked like a traveling salesman. German? Probably. Jewish? Obviously. A Jew returning to Germany to-day? The two special correspondents of *Vu* exchanged perplexed glances. We tried to get him into conversation. We exchanged a few commonplace phrases in German, but the traveler was taciturn. He barricaded himself behind his newspaper, an American newspaper. He spoke to us in very pure German, but when the conductor appeared he talked English, which he spoke with an accent.

People were walking up and down in the corridor, and we wondered whether it was our imagination that made them seem nervous. Finally, the brakes shrieked. We were entering a station and suddenly, as if by magic, the corridor was empty. The travelers had disappeared into their compartments as if through sliding doors. Nobody was on the platform, and not a voice could be heard in the car. We waited. Heavy steps in the corridor. The door of our compartment opened noisily. 'Passports.'

The man who spoke wore a green tunic and an old pair of trousers. He had the weak face of an official, with the usual moustache and round cap. But behind him there stood a figure in brown shirt and trousers. He wore high boots and carried a revolver. His features were young and rigid. His chin stuck out like a Prussian officer's in the illustrated newspapers of 1914. The traveler in the corner emerged from behind a Chicago *Tribune* just long enough to present an American passport. The man in the green uniform took it and handed it submissively to his companion, who scrutinized it closely. The man in the brown shirt looked through the document and then shouted like a major, 'Naturalized American?'

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'Ye-yes, sir.'

'How long do you expect to stay in Germany?'

'A very short time. I have a four-day visa.' It was curious how suddenly our neighbor had forgotten his native language. Within a single sentence he had made three mistakes in German.

'Good.' The passport was stamped and handed back. Our turn next. '*Franzosen*,' announced the official dressed in green. A fist holding a stamp came down on the paper like a knock-out blow. That was all.

When the sound of the retreating boots had disappeared, the Jewish traveler let his newspaper drop and suddenly became talkative. 'I shall go to Amsterdam to-morrow,' he said in a low voice, biting his moustache nervously. 'By airplane. You see, I am forced to go to Berlin on business. Otherwise . . . I represent a big New York concern. I absolutely have to make the trip. But I shall not remain. Certainly not. To-morrow I shall surely leave.'

The man was visibly terrified, and to such an extent that the protection which one of the most powerful nations in the world guarantees to its citizens seemed to him a weak defense. And all that had been needed to create this fear was the mere sight of a pair of boots, a revolver, and a brown shirt. Was his fear justified? That was what we had to discover.

III

'No, I am not a supporter of Hitler, but I cannot say that I am against him.' The speaker was an industrialist in one of the cities we visited. He had no political convictions, being a business man above all else, a realist, he affirmed. 'We were being suffocated. The Versailles Treaty had forced us to the wall. Then came the crisis on top of that. You have seen the poverty in our cities. Well, some day or other an explosion was bound to occur. I even think that it was expected abroad.

'For my part, I have no hesitation in telling you that I prefer this explosion to the one that might have happened. Personally, I am risking much less. Oh, I know that for a while we must watch our step. But you'll see that everything will be settled in the long run. Even the Jewish question. For my part, I have nothing against the Jews, but I think that it would not be a bad idea if we tried to run our banks and our newspapers without their aid, at least for a while.

'The important thing at the moment is to have a strong government. We need one. The only danger I fear is that one of our new politicians will make a mistake in the field of foreign policy. Considering the wild course we are pursuing, that might easily happen, and it would be bad for the whole world.

'If Hitler succeeds in extricating Germany from the slump, as he promises to do, I shall cry "*Heil*" with the others. After all, I am a German and that is why I shall not thwart the Nazi movement in any way. On the contrary, I shall come to its aid wherever I can. If it fails, you know as well as I do what awaits us. National Socialism is our last card.'

IV

'Excuse me if I am late. I was called to X's house. He was arrested this

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morning for the second time. His wife is beside herself because he has hardly recovered from the beating he received the first time he was arrested. This time, fortunately, the police took him away. The other time it was the Nazis, a storm battalion. As you undoubtedly know, a beating is a sure thing at their hands.'

The man speaking was a writer, a left-wing liberal who had been proscribed by the Hitler régime. Since the beginning of March he had not visited his own house.

'If I had had money I should certainly have gone abroad, but what could I do there? I can write only in German.'

'What have the Nazis got against you?'

'Nothing definite except my books, but they came to arrest me during the first days. The case of X is more serious. He spoke at a political meeting before the election that put the Nazis in power.'

'What do you expect to do?'

The writer shrugged his shoulders. 'Wait until the day when they will surely succeed in getting their hands on me. This cannot continue indefinitely, I know. But I shall try to put the moment off as long as I can. If I had not been held back by this apprehension, by this fear of arrest,—you understand it is not prison I fear,—I should have gone over, as so many of my friends have.'

'Gone over to the Nazis?'

'Certainly.' The writer bit his fingers nervously. 'What else is there for us to do? Give in or give up. There is no other choice. For the intellectuals as well as for the workers it is no longer a question of politics but a question of hunger.'

V

'Promise that you won't say you have seen me, that you won't repeat to anybody what I have told you. You see I am not compromised yet. But I am watched. We all are. You have no idea. If they find out that you came here I am lost. You know that every square of houses has its two Nazis, its block guards. They note all visitors. They go through our mail. It is hell, I assure you.'

The man who spoke to us had no political past. He was a scientist accustomed to the tranquillity of his laboratory and to a task which, through its very nature, spread beyond the frontiers established by man. He had arrived at a few, vague, generous notions in regard to human destiny. That was what his crime had been. But, even more serious, he had frequented the society of compromising friends. Some had been arrested, others had fled, and he found himself alone, disarmed, pitiable, the prey of a thousand fears. Our visit disturbed him. Twice during our conversation he rose to close a door or suddenly open another, and he kept repeating, like a refrain, 'I have not compromised myself yet. They even have some regard for me. It seems that my last publication was favorably noted. It would be insane to lose everything for a misunderstood word or gesture. My whole life is here—my family, my laboratory. And I am so little of a politician at bottom. You understand, don't you?' Indeed, we did.

VI

'In our theatre,' the actor said, 'like everywhere else in the Reich to-day,

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one must accommodate one's self or lose one's job. Let us look at things from a purely rational point of view. Why go abroad? That would mean starting all over again. Here I have a secure existence and, above all else, I am an artist. I love the German theatre.'

'Do you think that the theatre here to-day offers any possibilities for art?'

'Frankly, no.' His reply was categorical. 'Have you seen the plays that are being performed? Yet I do not dare to refuse a part. But I do not think this can last long, or the theatres would soon be empty. Meanwhile, we are becoming officials of a kind. We have joined the cultural Hitler organization in a body. It is compulsory.'

'Is this a prelude to your entry into the Nazi Party?' someone suggested ironically.

The actor smiled. 'For the moment there is no question of that, but it is not excluded as a possibility. Perhaps when you return you will find me in uniform.'

He spoke in jest, but we should not be surprised if his prediction came true.

VII

We visited a worker's tenement in a newly built quarter and entered the bright, clean lodgings of a Social Democratic laborer who had not been unemployed. In the kitchen a blonde woman was taking care of three little children. Her husband took us into the other room, the bedroom, because of the children. 'The older ones might tell tales,' he explained.

We sat down on the bed while he walked up and down, frowning, with his hands in his pockets. 'If we had known, if we could have foreseen,' he began. 'I assure you I have seen things this last month . . . All of us were mistaken. Clearly, we should have sided with the Communists. But we were proud. They ridiculed our leaders and we stuck to them, for they were old fellows and we respected them. Now we know what they are worth. To-day there are a great many young fellows like myself who would take these old men and hang them without the least remorse.'

'Yes, but for the moment?'

'For the moment, here we are. They have us by the throat. We have to march in step or else we are off to Oranienburg. I have many friends who are there already, for how long I don't know. I am watching my step because of the wife and kids. But it is a disgrace, nevertheless. To think that it has come to this. And that now we have to expect war.'

'War?'

'Of course, only that will save us.'

VIII

To see the Communist we had to make preparations for two days and establish a whole series of connections, for we insisted on seeing the man who could really give us the best information. Finally he agreed to see us, we did not know where, for we were to be guided to him. At a street-car stop we met the girl who had charge of the arrangements. She asked us nervously, 'You're sure you're not being followed?'

We did not think so, but in order to have a clear conscience we made a long detour down deserted streets. As we passed a subway station a man joined our group. It was he.

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'Where shall we go?' we asked.

'Wherever you want, but preferably along brightly lighted streets where there are lots of people.'

We chose the boulevard and walked along, smoking a cigarette. 'Now you can ask your questions,' he said.

'Tell us what happened to the Communists.'

The reply, a reply that continued for hours while we walked through the streets of the city at night, was like looking into an abyss. Here we encountered the darkest shadows of Hitler. The tortures of the Hedemannstrasse, the Friedenstrasse, and the Papenstrasse. The atrocities in the former headquarters of the Communist Party, which has become the Horst Wessel House. The unknown dead men whose mutilated bodies are discovered every day in the forests outside the towns, as reported in the newspapers. Mass arrests. Searching parties. Exiles dispatched to concentration camps. All this is the negative side. The positive side is the effort the Communists are making to regroup themselves in spite of the Terror, to create an illegal apparatus, and to maintain their oral and written propaganda. 'The immediate difficulty is the illegality of the party,' said the man, 'but we shall accomplish our task. The worse the Terror gets the more followers we shall find.'

'Then you do not think that a war will be the only way to swing the balance in your favor?'

'No. For a Communist to think that would be the same thing as abdicating. We have to organize ourselves and rebuild a strong party. Then we shall be ready for all eventualities. It will be a long task, but we are working on it.'

IX

It is an ironic paradox that the Friedenstrasse, the 'Street of Peace,' leads to the camp at Dachau, six miles north of Munich. Thousands of political prisoners are now detained there in a former powdermill. The camp is outside the village of Dachau, a typical Bavarian town composed of whitewashed houses with tile roofs. We did not visit the camp because we should have required special authorization, but we walked around it, gleaning what information we could from chance conversations.

'Troops of prisoners arrive here two or three times a week,' said the proprietor of the little café opposite the camp. 'Generally they arrive by night in trucks. To-day we expect a new shipment. They must be getting a little crowded in there.'

'What are they made to do?'

'Oh, not much yet except keeping the place clean. They must get bored, since they do not have any visitors. You hear them singing a lot, but that must be part of their routine. Then they have to take setting-up exercises.'

His words reminded me of what a Nazi in Munich had said: 'We don't give them leisure to lament their lot. Every hour of their life is regulated. Work, open-air exercise, sport. A healthy life in a setting of discipline. The life of a soldier. That is how we shall fight the Marxist disease.'

We went over and talked to a sentinel. 'Your charges are well installed.'

'Aren't they? And they cannot escape. You see these wires behind the wall? They are charged with electricity.'

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'Don't they sometimes try?'

'They have n't a chance in the world. There are the wall and the wire and, finally, ourselves. A man would have to be very stupid.' Or very desperate.

Behind an iron fence gray figures walk slowly by—Communists, Social Democrats, Jews. Workers for the most part, some intellectuals, too. Enemies of the government. Prisoners of war. 'With time we shall make useful citizens out of them,' the Nazis say.

'Headstrong men are eliminated at the start,' our informant in Munich had told us, though he did not go into details. But other Nazis elaborated further. 'The method is classic. They are told to run to the other side of the camp to fetch something or other and then they are fired on. Officially this is called "killed while attempting to escape."'

Here is a typical illustration of these words. The day after our visit to the camp a dispatch appeared in the Munich edition of the *Völkischer Beobachter* announcing that four prisoners in the Dachau camp had been shot during the night while attempting to escape.

X

For people like ourselves who have succeeded in moving freely through different groups in Germany to-day it must be clear that we are confronted with two 'truths.' The one we preferred after our investigation, notwithstanding the Hamburg Commission of Edification, is quite different from the version presented in a certain Nazi propaganda document published in every language by the members of this commission. Here is what we have concluded from our own observations.

The Terror exists. All who have not rallied to the Government are subject to it—liberals, Social Democrats, Communists, Jews. Lain in wait for, spied upon, surrounded, they live under a perpetual menace. They need a great deal of courage even to tell what they know. For to tell anything displeasing to the present Government, even though it is true, is considered *Greuel-propaganda* and punished as such by the Tribunal Extraordinary. The Nazis themselves admit it: 'Do not criticize our government too openly, for it might get you into trouble.'

As for the stories about foreigners' and Jews' being molested, one would have to be amazingly skeptical not to be convinced by the evidence. First let us cite the case of the Jewish lawyer in Munich—whose photograph *Vu* published some weeks ago—who was made to walk barefoot through the streets of the city with a placard round his neck and was then savagely beaten because he protested when the Nazis broke the windows of a Jewish business establishment for which he was the lawyer. We might also mention the case of the woman whose picture also appeared in *Vu*, and who has now died as a result of wounds received from the Nazis. Here are two facts among many others whose authenticity has been carefully established and which will be made public in all civilized countries. Ask the German ambassadors of France, Poland, and the United States how many times they have had to protest against the bad treatment inflicted on their fellow citizens on German soil, and read the press in those three countries.

Are the lives or property of German citizens hostile to the régime in

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danger? To take one instance among many, has Einstein's property been confiscated or not? And what about all those dead bodies, riddled with bullets or lacerated with wounds, that are found almost daily, as the German press itself admits, in empty lots or in the woods outside big cities? Are these deeds provocations on the part of Communists? Such an explanation seems a little too facile. We have already heard about the burning of the Reichstag, and then there are all those stories of people shot down while trying to escape. Do people even in Germany still believe the official reports?

In the matter of provocation, we discovered a rather disturbing piece of news. Everywhere in the country, those who are living and struggling behind the scenes speak of it with an anxiety that is easy to understand. They say that the Government is preparing a new attack. Nobody knows what form it will take. Some say that it is aimed at a figure in the Government who has become embarrassing to his associates. In any case, it will serve as a pretext for bloody oppressions—pogroms of Jews and pitiless slaughter of Marxist elements. It is only a rumor, but it is a persistent one that goes from one end of the country to the other.

To return to the 'truth' as it appeared to us during our journey through the land of Hitler. Here is the way it might be summed up:—

A Government based on force has come into power by a brutal *coup d'état*. It maintains itself by force, using every means at its disposition. It has succeeded in creating a mass movement, in animating the middle class and the most desperate elements of the working class with an immense hope. But to claim that the German people stands behind the leader and his Government in a solid body would be to exaggerate grossly. A large part of the German people lives in the shadow of the Terror. The Germany of Hitler has two faces.

II. Fascism in Vienna

By Imré Gyomai

THOSE who knew pre-war Vienna, the Vienna of *Gemütlichkeit* and operettas, or even the Vienna of the inflation, brilliant with the dress uniforms of Entente officers and noisy with the coarse laughter of the petty profiteers who filled the stores and places of amusement—those who knew that Vienna which, externally at least, was carefree and joyous, to-day feel that they are entering an entirely different city. Of course the buildings are the same; no cataclysm has engulfed the majestic Hofburg or razed the imposing Rathaus. But a city is not simply the sum of the buildings that compose it; it is something else besides, and that something else has to-day been completely transformed.

However, when you try to define the nature of this enormous change, which strikes you as soon as you set foot in the city, you find it difficult to do so. The passers-by are for the most part well dressed, many even elegantly so, traffic is still very intense, and the store windows are always luxuriously dressed. Doubtless there are an un-

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usual number of shops to rent, and you are somewhat discountenanced by the number of beggars who assail you at every step. The amount of competition between them would be inconceivable in France. Clad in amazing rags, they solicit alms with pitiable cries and gestures. Among them are young people who kneel down before you, imploring a few groschen. You feel as if you had stepped into the *Opéra de quat' sous*.

But at bottom what distinguishes the city of to-day from that of yesterday is its heavy atmosphere of care and distrust, which seems to weigh on everyone's shoulders. The looks that one encounters are charged with anxiety. What will the morrow bring forth? That agonizing question can be read in every eye. People must have that look in a besieged city.

And indeed Vienna, the Red fortress of Social Democracy, is to-day in a state of siege. In the furthest parts of the provinces, in the Tyrol, Styria, and Lower Austria, the Nazis are preparing a final assault on what they call the modern Sodom. And they are all the more sure of victory because the walls of the citadel are already cracking and divisions are occurring in the camp of their enemies.

Three years ago the regular Hitlerite troops of Vienna comprised no more than four hundred men, recruited almost exclusively from the Eighth District, the petty-bourgeois quarter *par excellence*. To-day the Red zone of the city is the only one that still holds its own, for most of the central quarters have been inundated by the Nazis, whose troops number more than thirty thousand men in the city of Vienna alone. Their leader, the audacious young Austrian Nazi, Frauenfeld,—he is thirty-five years old,—three years ago promised Hitler, who was still very skeptical as to his chances in Austria, that he would conquer the country for him.

The headquarters of the Austrian Nazis, their Brown House, is located in a huge building on the Gumpeldorferstrasse which is usually decked with a veritable forest of flags bearing the swastika. The sentinels posted at the threshold regulate strictly the continual comings and goings. One after another, provincial delegations clad in their native costumes enter the building, emerging laden with an imposing quantity of propaganda and giving free vent to their enthusiasm by energetic renderings of the 'Horst Wessel' song.

The Vienna Brown House has several branches within the city itself. One of the most important of these is doubtless that in the Kärtnerstrasse. Situated in the middle of the Jewish quarter, it serves as a retail store for everything connected with Hitlerite propaganda. Its windows display an impressive quantity of brochures and photographs of Handsome Adolf and his principal lieutenants taken in the most becoming poses. But books, brochures, and newspapers are not the only objects of propaganda that one can get there. The store contains everything from candelabra to rasor blades, all bearing the emblem of the swastika.

II

The gay night life of Vienna, which used to recall that of Paris, scarcely exists any more. At the hour when the little Viennese taverns lower their curtains the members of the provincial Nazi delegations invade the night

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clubs of the Kärtnerstrasse. At more or less regular intervals they interrupt the music with cries of '*Heil Hitler!*' and everyone in the establishment must then rise if he does not wish to expose himself to rough treatment.

The Nazi fever has even reached those social groups that might seem to be most remote from political preoccupations. At four o'clock one morning in a deserted night club I found a woman of the streets absorbed in reading the *Doetz*.

'You are a National Socialist?' I asked her.

'Yes, why not? First I was a Socialist, then a Communist. I took everything that the leaders said at its face value. Now I am through. I know that only our Handsome Adolf can save us from distress.' And a sincere faith shone in her eyes.

I found this same faith in the face of a young student of the right, the descendant of a family of officers, who is now one of the leaders of the Hitler movement in the University.

'The Austria created by the peace treaties is not capable of sustaining life. Reduced to impotence and slow decay, our country could exist only by appealing constantly to the purses of foreign bankers. That is why we have fallen so low, to a state of bondage worse than that which Germany knew before the advent of Hitler. Encircled by tariff walls and confined on a barren soil, how can we be expected to feed our workers and save our peasants from distress? Moreover, the Jewish problem is more acute here than in Germany. Since the end of the War fifty thousand East European Jews have settled in Vienna, and I assure you that our first task will be to purge our capital of them.

'The *Anschluss* is inevitable. The Reich needs Vienna, which will serve as a base for its spread toward the East. We have German kinsmen in Hungary, especially in Transylvania, who have not blended with the rest of the population for six hundred years. We cannot and will not abandon them. Moreover, our propaganda finds many echoes among them.'

'You are counting without the Christian Socialists and the Socialists. You are also counting without the army,' I said, pointing to an armored car and a detachment of police armed with machine guns that were just passing down the street.

'No. We are quite able to take realities into account. But a large part of the army and of the police is already with us at heart. I can assure you that two thousand resolute Nazis would be enough to carry all Austria with them. We passed that number long ago, and now can choose our hour.'

'And what do you think Mussolini will say to the *Anschluss*?'

'He will not oppose it, I am sure. Among Fascists, it is always easy to find a common meeting ground . . .'

III

But such was not the opinion of a former Imperial privy councilor who is to-day an influential member of the Christian Socialist Party:—

'The Austrian people will never consent to the *Anschluss*. They are too conscious of their own destiny and of their historic mission, and they know that the *Anschluss* would solve none of their economic difficulties. Of course, our union with the Reich would open up much larger markets to us, but it would at the same time

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expose our industry as well as our agriculture to formidable competition. Austria must keep its political independence and seek to orient its economic policy toward the countries of Central Europe. In the meantime, we must depend on the assistance of those Great Powers to whose interest it is not to abandon us. And those powers, like the Austrian people, know well that Chancellor Dollfuss, who is combating the Marxists and the Nazis alike, is the only one who can lead us toward a better future.'

Next we talked to a Social Democrat who, although he does not belong to the majority, whose tactics he often criticizes, is none the less an authorized mouthpiece of the Austrian section of the Second International. He appeared worried.

'Chancellor Dollfuss, who in our opinion is acting in an intolerable manner, should understand that, if he really wishes the independence of Austria, he is committing a serious error in reducing the Social Democrats to a kind of illegality. It is our party that forms the last rampart of Austria's independence and not the *Heimwehr*, a veritable pretorian militia, part of which keeps passing over to the Nazi camp every day. I shall even go so far as to say that their leader, Prince Starhemberg, is only half sincere, despite his violent speeches against Hitlerism. Of course, he is under the influence of his mother, who is president of the Christian Socialist Women of Austria, and, moreover, is bound by his attachment to Italian circles. But, in spite of that, I should not be greatly surprised if, like many another *Heimwehr* chief,—Major Pabst, for instance,—he some day deserted the governmental party. For one would have to be blind not to see to what an extent the *Heimwehr*, the army, and the police are already undermined by the Nazis. Look . . .'

Two newspaper boys appeared with the last edition of the Nazi evening paper. Seeing them, the traffic policeman quit his post, leaving the traffic to its own devices. He advanced smiling toward the newsies, who gave him the Fascist salute, to which he replied with a military salute. One of the boys then offered him a paper, which the arm of the law put in his pocket with a lofty gesture. That done, he returned to his post, quite without embarrassment, and began directing traffic again.

'You see . . .' said the militant Socialist. And a bitter smile crossed his face.

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One of England's foremost younger scientists describes our present sources of power and prophesies that alcohol will replace petrol within a century.

The Age *of* Planned Power

By JULIAN HUXLEY

From *The Listener*
Weekly Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation

WE HAVE got used, this last half century, to thinking of our own age rather complacently as the Age of Power, the age in which man became able to use the energies of nature to do his work for him. I know that this is a commonplace; but there are two things about it that are worth rubbing in. One is the extent of the change that the Power Age has brought into life. The other is the fact that the Power Age, though still with us, is rapidly altering its character.

As to the first point, I don't want to bother you with statistics, but it is worth remembering that the power-producing machinery of the United States will supply about thirty horse power for every worker. As a man's power production is only about one-tenth of a horse power, this means a three-hundred-fold increase in power. It is as if every worker had the command of three hundred slaves. In other words, if America had no machinery, she would need an army of ten thousand million slaves to keep up her production of power at the present level.

As to the second point, I should like to put it this way. All through the first hundred years of the Power Age, people, intoxicated with the new resources that science and invention had given them, were thinking first and foremost of increasing the amount of power available, without worrying about the future. To-day, they are beginning to realize that power is neither inexhaustible nor unlimited, and that the power resources of the world need to be carefully organized. We are at the beginning of the Age of Planned Power.

From the dawn of history right down to the end of the eighteenth century, the main sources of power were the muscles of men and animals.

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They were aided to a certain extent by water and wind, but the extra power generated in these mechanical ways was tied to the spot and could not be transported to a distance. Coal, on the other hand, can be easily transported to wherever its bottled-up energy is wanted. All through the nineteenth century, coal provided man with far the greatest amount of power. Even in 1900 coal was still supreme, and petrol and oil accounted for a mere trifle of the total. Hardly any use was being made of the energy of falling water for generating electricity—in fact, there is no mention of hydro-electricity in the index to the 1911 edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica!* The hydro-electric method of producing power first became possible as far back as 1873, when it was discovered how to work a motor off a generator; but it was not till twenty years later, when high-voltage schemes made it possible to transmit electric power for long distances, that hydro-electricity was worth thinking about as a commercial proposition; and even then it took another twenty years before its use became at all widespread. To-day, oil and its products, though still far behind coal, have grown very important as power sources, and water power comes in a good third. And alcohol is just catching on; it is now in about the position where petrol found itself at the beginning of the century.

II

But in the meantime we have begun to wonder about the continuance of some of the sources of supply, and there have been world power conferences where the position has been learnedly discussed. We use about fifteen hundred million tons of coal every year. The reserves of coal hidden in the earth's crust are still very great. They would be enough to last five hundred years or so at the present rate of consumption, provided we could get at them easily. But a great deal of this coal is so deep that it would be both difficult and uneconomical to mine it. In countries where coal mining has been going on longest, as in Great Britain, there may be less than a century's supply left.

Of oil, our consumption is less than a tenth of that of coal. But there is much less oil in the world. Even at the present rate of use, the world's oil will last less than a century, perhaps only fifty or sixty years. And as we now use almost twice as much oil a year as we did in 1919, there is every likelihood of the end's coming much more quickly. The first oil well was bored just after the middle of the nineteenth century, in 1859. It is quite likely that the end of the twentieth century will see the last.

So the position is roughly this. At the moment, over three-quarters of the power we use comes from coal and oil. The world's demand for power is steadily increasing. All the oil will be used up in about one generation. The coal will last longer, but will become increasingly difficult to mine, as we have to go deeper, and to transport, as we have to go further afield. So it is clear that, if we want to go forward instead of backward, we shall have to look about pretty quickly for new sources of energy. In the long run, coal and oil could obviously be only temporary makeshifts, because by using them we are living on capital long ago slowly accumulated by na-

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ture. We are burning up coal and oil at a rate at least ten thousand times faster than the rate at which they were originally formed, or at which any new supplies are forming now. We human beings and our descendants can look forward to several hundred million years' lease of this planet, and that is why I say 'in the long run,' for the power we need must obviously find some supply which is not capital but income, renewed year after year.

There are a number of possible sources to which we could turn. First, there is the sun. We could go to the sun direct and use its heat. Or we could use some indirect effect of the sun. There are the winds, for instance, which are part of the great air circulation produced by the heating effect of the sun on the land and water of the globe. Or differences of temperature, like that between the warm surface of the sea and its cold depths, could be made to work an engine. Or we could use the sun's energy in a different way, and take it at one remove. Green plants are growth engines driven by the sun. We could find some plant product suitable as a source of power and grow what we wanted. Then there is water power to be harnessed—either the power of rivers, or the power of tides. Or, finally, there is the power locked up inside the atom. We know it is there, and we can at least try to free it for our own use.

III

Let me go through these and see what our prospects are. I will begin with water power, as this is already familiar. It is difficult to make any accurate estimate of the amount of water power available, but the total seems to be less than most people imagine. At the moment, less than ten per cent of the power we use comes from the energy of falling water, and though this could be considerably increased, it would not seem that even a thorough utilization of this source of power could ever supply more than a fraction of our needs. You cannot get the full benefits of water power unless you can use very high voltages for transmitting it from where it is made to where it is to be used. High voltages have two advantages. First, they make it possible to send the current farther; and, secondly, the copper transmission cables need not be so thick, and this makes a big reduction in the cost. At the present moment between 200 and 300 miles is the limit to which electric power can be sent as a commercial proposition in Britain, that is, using currents at a pressure of about 100,000 volts. In Germany, voltages of over 200,000 are being used, which increases the practicable distance to over 400 miles.

However, there are now laboratories experimenting with transmission at a pressure of one and even two million volts, and it is quite likely that in the near future we shall be able to make commercial use of half a million volts. This would mean that the usefulness of big water-power stations like the Muscle Shoals and Dnieprostroi would be enormously increased, as they could then supply a radius of almost 1,000 miles, or about sixteen times the area now possible in Britain. Then there are the tides. In some parts of the world, the tides rise and fall ten or twenty feet or even fifty feet twice every day. It seems a pity to let all this source of power run to waste, and there are already some small factory

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plants that fill a reservoir at high water and use it to generate power by letting it run out through a turbine at low water.

On the coast of Patagonia, in the Argentine, the tides rise anywhere from fifteen to nearly forty feet. A project has been put forward to dam the San José Gulf, and use its tidal power by letting the water run in through one set of turbines, and out again through another. This would generate a huge amount of energy, but it would cost about forty million pounds to set up. Another disadvantage is that it is nearly seven hundred miles from Buenos Aires, and to transmit power for that distance is at present impracticable. However, it is proposed to set up a small experimental station on the Rio Deseado and see how it works.

In Britain, the Severn estuary has very big tides, and there is a scheme for making a barrage across this. A detailed official report has recently been made on the project. It would cost about fifty million pounds and by itself could not compete with electrical power generated by burning coal. But with the aid of water power from dams in the Wye Valley, near by, it is estimated that it could supply all the southwest of England and Wales with power at two-thirds of the present cost. Schemes like this have to be careful not to upset existing arrangements, and Bristol is naturally very anxious lest a huge barrage should interfere with navigation. In order to settle this question, wonderfully accurate models of the river bed have been made, and the effects of a barrage on currents and on silting-up have been studied on the model. The model is so accurate that, when a current of muddy water was run through it, the mud particles were deposited so as to reproduce with extraordinary fidelity the sand banks and shoals that exist in the real river. The results seem conclusive that a barrage could have no serious effects on shipping.

IV

At the best, however, rivers and tides can serve only limited areas with power. What about wind? The greatest trouble about wind as a source of power is that it is so irregular. This would not be so bad if we could devise a convenient method for storing up in some other form the energy derived from wind, tapping this store as we needed it. Surprisingly enough, the only really efficient method for large-scale storage that we have at present is water storage. Windmills could be used to pump water to a height, and then the water could be run through turbines to generate electrical power. This is awkward, because obviously the best places for tapping wind power would be dry, open places, like the steppes of Russia, for instance, and these are just the places where water is scarce. Professor Haldane once suggested that the energy should be used to decompose water into oxygen and hydrogen, which could then be liquefied. In this form they can be stored, and used when required to drive a motor. If science can develop this, or some electrical method of storage in place of the expensive and cumbersome storage battery, wind might become a very powerful ally of man, and we might expect to see the bare plains of the world covered with enormous battalions of windmills, carefully arranged in rows so that one

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row did not interfere with its neighbor's wind supply. Meanwhile, windmills, though they will almost certainly be used a great deal as energy sources for farms and small estates, are not likely to be much used for large-scale power in the near future.

However, there is one fact about wind power that ought to be mentioned. At considerable heights above the ground—between 2,000 and 3,000 feet—a wind is always blowing. It has been calculated that at this height a mill with sails or vanes 300 feet across would develop a horse power running into tens of thousands. Already in Russia experiments are being made with windmills 100 feet across the vanes, and it is possible that as engineering skill advances we shall see huge windmills on the top of skyscrapers or lattice-work steel towers, grinding out power for the city below.

V

Next there is the direct tapping of the sun's heat. Already 'sun engines' have been built in Egypt and in Southern California to do this. Curved mirrors are used to concentrate the sun's rays on to a steam boiler. They have to be moved as the sun moves so as to keep the heat focused on the boiler. The plant in Egypt covers nearly one-third of an acre and generates only fifty horse power, so the method is rather cumbersome.

However, in Germany quite new methods are being worked out, which take advantage of the fact that some substances give an electric current when light hits them. The most promising advance has been made by Dr. Lange at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institut. He has invented a 'sunlight cell' consisting of a thin layer of a compound of silver and selenium and covered with a layer of another metallic substance, so thin as to be actually transparent, which produces quite an appreciable current when struck by light. An advantage of these cells is that they do not run down; but they suffer from one of the disadvantages of the mirror 'sun engine' in needing a great deal of space if they are to develop power on any large scale. But perhaps they could be made to serve a double purpose, and a hundred years hence the public squares of towns in the hot, dry parts of the world might be pleasantly shaded by a roof that would also be the source of the municipal electric supply.

VI

Then there is the project for using the difference in temperature between the top and the bottom of the sea. This sounds queer, but it was devised by a well-known French engineer, Georges Claude, who already has a number of successful inventions to his credit. The idea is this. You go to the tropics and you sink a tube several feet wide and several thousand feet long into the sea. You have an apparatus with two chambers connected by a tube. In the tube is a low-pressure turbine. Into one of the chambers you put some of the warm surface water. The other chamber is cooled on the outside by cold water pumped up from the bottom through your tube. Then you exhaust most of the air from this second chamber. The result is that water vapor passes off from the warm water in the first chamber, and is sucked through the tube, turning the turbine as it passes. Once started, this

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process will continue indefinitely, owing to the fact that, as the second chamber is colder, the vapor pressure in it is lower, and so there will always be a suction exerted through the turbine. The difference of pressure is only about a fortieth of an atmosphere, but it goes on acting all the time. The method has actually been tried out, off the coast of Cuba, with a tube 6½ feet wide and over a mile long. Up to the present it has not been a commercial success; but the idea is scientifically sound, and our grandchildren may well be accustomed to the sight of 'power tubes' dotted around the coasts of the warmer parts of the world, with electric cables leading off their power to the shore.

VII

All these methods are likely to make some contribution to the world's stock of power during the coming century. But none of them can expect to make a large contribution, and even taken all together they are never likely to cover as much as half the total demand. Where, then, are we to look for our main expansion? Where is the source of power by which we must eventually replace our failing stocks of coal and oil, if our civilization is not to go backward instead of forward? The answer seems to be in plants. Long-dead plants supply us with our chief source of energy to-day. For our chief source of energy to-morrow we shall probably look to alcohol from living plants. Many people seem to be surprised at the idea of using alcohol for driving a car or an engine; but that is only because of its associations with drinking. One of the chief ideas associated with alcohol for drinking purposes is high cost. But most of the cost is due to taxation, and a great deal of the rest to the need for maturing, bottling, advertising, and retail selling. As a matter of fact, pure alcohol is not only an excellent fuel, but can be produced extremely cheaply. It can be got from any sugary or starchy substance, but to-day is generally made out of the waste from paper factories, from potatoes, or from a very cheap form of molasses called black strap. Already there are special tank steamers that take huge volumes of black strap across the sea to be used in alcohol factories.

The fact that power alcohol can now be made cheaply is due to a quite recent scientific discovery concerning distillation, which makes it easy to get practically pure alcohol (99.9 per cent pure) out of molasses or potatoes, whereas less than ten years ago all that you could hope for commercially was alcohol with 4 per cent of water in it; and as the chief use of power alcohol at present is to mix with petrol or benzole, this trifle of water made all the difference. The buses of Paris are at the present moment being run on a half-and-half mixture of alcohol and petrol; commercial motor fuels with from 10 to 25 per cent of alcohol are on the market in Sweden, Germany, Australia, and elsewhere. As I said, power alcohol can be made from any starchy or sugary material. So it can often be got out of all kinds of agricultural products that in these days of so-called overproduction would otherwise be wasted. In the near future it is more than probable that many nations will save on their bill for imported fuel by making a good deal of alcohol out of home-grown crops. But, in the long run, it is likely that we shall use the

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tropics, where plant life is so luxuriant in its growth, as our great source of power alcohol. There, we could easily grow enough vegetable material to supply all the alcohol needed by the world. A hundred or two hundred years from now, it is to be expected that the rich plant-growing regions near the Equator will be to the world what the coal-mining areas are now. Great factories will distill the alcohol, tank steamers will transport it to be stored in big tanks—in fact, it will be handled much as oil and petrol are now, only there will be ten times as much of it used. It will be the Alcohol Age. In that age the tropics will have become the centre of gravity for power production, and the world's economic geography will be drawn on quite different lines from those of to-day.

VIII

I have left subatomic energy to the end, and now have very little space for it. But that does not very much matter, as it seems exceedingly unlikely that science will in the near future be able to find any way of making it available for power. And this is perhaps just as well, because the world is not really ripe for such a dangerous toy. A single drop of water contains energy equivalent to a year's continuous supply of two hundred horse power—enough to run a fleet of motor-cars. If you suddenly freed all the energy there is in a lump of sugar it would be enough to blow up the City of London! With nationalism rampant on the one hand, and commercialism on the other, a knowledge of how to tap subatomic energy would at the moment be much less likely to prove a blessing than a curse.

This will not prevent scientists from making experiments on the subject. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology hopes soon to have a machine at its disposal that can generate ten million volts; the new Mond Laboratory at Cambridge provides magnetic fields of almost undreamed-of power; and with these the business of atom-splitting will go merrily on. But for practical purposes we and our children and grandchildren will in all probability have to be content with less spectacular sources of power, which are also less dangerous. It is true that our ancestors would have found high-pressure boilers and hundred-thousand-volt transmission lines dangerous enough; but these are child's toys compared with subatomic energy.

If we are sensible, we can lay our hands on power enough and to spare for all our needs. But we must not be content merely with encouraging enterprise in research and industry. We need to plan ahead carefully.

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This simple tale of Christmas eve on a Cuban sugar plantation shows how the working people on that island live and suggests some of their grievances.

A CUBAN Sugar Tale

By LUIS FELIPE RODRÍGUEZ

Translated from the *Repertorio Americano* Costa Rica Literary Weekly

I, MARCOS ANTILLA, a natural son of this island soil, with all the defects and virtues of the true Creole, am going to tell a little story of the plantation, which, while setting a hound to chase the hare of historical determinism, includes colonization (according to the understanding of the period), slave-trading, cheap sweat, barrels of alcohol, jars of honey, cakes, axle grease, and the whip lashes of gold and sun. Then come Creole politics and foreign capital. . . . But don't stand there looking like a whipped dog, boy. What I said and what I am going to tell you are nothing more than a wayside tale told among good fellow citizens and better friends.

I said to my companion that day, 'To-night Monseñor Jesucristo will be born for us in the darkest and humblest corner of the cane fields. The ingenuous tradition of the Christian world is going to inject a little spirit and bread into our cane-cutters' lives. We shall celebrate Christmas Eve as God commands, on our own earth. Since we have n't the Star of Bethlehem, we'll hang the lamp of the Negress, Paula Celestina, on the highest beam of the barracks, and, since there are no Three Kings, we'll ask Mr. Norton, the manager of the mill; his secretary, Rogelio Rivas Soto de Casamayor; and the inestimable tenant farmer, Fico Larrachea, to honor us with their presence.

To-night is Holy Night
And Christ was born in Bethlehem.

There were twenty-five of us wielders of the machete on the plantation, twenty-five good men of the barracks with their tireless blades, and more than half of us were charred coals from the burning furnace of the Haitian fields. There may have been also a Puerto Rican, two Dominicans, and a

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Jamaican or two, but all the rest of us were Cubans from Cape San Antonio to Cape Maysi. And it is just as well to add that, in spite of having a separate store, we Cubans mingled with everyone, thanks to our Creole character and our Lord Jesus Christ. One of the Cubans was noted for his skill in preparing roast goat and pig, especially if the goat or pig had strayed from its owner. When that was the case, the left hand of our friend, as well as the owner of the little stray animal, did not know what the right hand was doing. I should say, also, that my comrade in ideas and of the straw sleeping mat was a Spaniard from the mines of Biscay, from which he had fallen, like an evil spark, upon the cane fields of the Greater Antilles. This evil spark was called Manuel Herdoza, and, if he had not been obsessed with regulating Spain and, indeed, the whole world, he would have been mayor of Bilbao. Such was his history and temper.

With mathematical precision, the sun had cast its vertical rays of fire, punishing our backs, bringing sweat to our brows, and making our knives sparkle with numberless flashes above the continuous expanse of the sugar cane and its waves of living emerald. As if obeying a sacred rite imposed by an implacable god, twenty-five hands gripped the virgin stalk of the sugar plant and tore aside the mesh of protective leaves that inclosed it, whereupon twenty-five other hands, armed with lightning, would strike downward toward the deep furrow of the cane field.

The twenty-five first hands then emerged from the earth, each one exposing to the air the tube that had been cut from the vital organs of the Creole soil. The next task was swift and sure; 'clean and naked like a diamond in water,' the sweet cane was cut by three blows of steel into three pieces that fell ingloriously into the anonymous bales that lined the plantation—the plantation that was a half-open eye in the Cuban sugar lands from which a pupil of green fruit peered out over the Sea of the Antilles, searching for the new galleons coming from the armed bands of North America.

Such was the plantation where, under the fiery arc of day, we felled the cane with the sweat of our passive brows. When the last ray of the distant sun was extinguished in the sugar fields, fifty arms were stretched out, twenty-five triangular knives were surrendered to the law of gravity, and the ardor of tireless labor gave way to human fatigue. Slowly, like those who abandon an old and ever-renewed hope, we went to meet Christmas Eve. . . . If I had n't shut his mouth, my comrade, Manuel Herdoza, would have made a subversive speech to the cane field itself, which was then submerged in the soft shadow of island twilight.

II

Came the night and the hour on which, so we are told, the child Jesus, Redeemer of humanity, was born in a stable. A crude table, placed at the door of our barracks, displayed the fauna and flora of our soil in the form of refreshments. Many stars shone upon our Christmas festivity, and high on the ceiling of the barracks, solitary and red, hung the lamp that usually lit the domestic paths of the Negress, Paula Celestina. Our skillful comrade had done himself justice. For lack of a

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pig, he had prepared a goat, and in order that we might not be called inhospitable we had invited the Haitian rabble. Poor Haitians! They were as suspicious as ill-treated animals, but, instead of indignation, they revealed only an inexhaustible appetite, while the two men from Jamaica, afraid to express their enthusiasm for the culinary achievements of our Cuban comrade, afraid of their fear itself and of the British Government, contented themselves with looking greedily at the table, at which they too had a right to sit down. And so we began to eat and drink like good Christians who, on the night on which the Redeemer was born, forget the painful memories of the cane field.

In the middle of the feast, the Spaniard, Manuel Herdoza, who had drunk copiously, was consumed with feverish impatience, as if he were looking for a place where he had hidden something that must some day find its proper expression. Then, after two more drinks, he burst forth with the whole theme of his life. With an unusual new tremor in his voice, he said, 'Comrades and brothers in man's universal love of justice toward man on this earth! To-night, encircled by meek beasts, the Son of Man was born. Men crucified Him because He wished everyone to approach the banquet of life on equal terms. Under Pontius Pilate He suffered from the selfish wretchedness of mankind. And we, still unredeemed, are celebrating his birth by eating, not in order to devour his ideal of justice, but because we still suffer every kind of hunger, hunger of body and soul, for we are the modern pariahs of the cane field, which is nourished with our life's blood and sweat. But I have faith that He is being born again among us, and that He will come. He will come, not to tell us that his kingdom is not of this earth, but to give us back the promised earth of a redeemed existence. I see Him come, not meek and sorrowing in martyrdom, but as a conqueror and redeemer over the bloody trail of all the martyrs of humanity.'

The cook, taking an enormous piece of goat from his mouth, exclaimed with sincere ecstasy, 'Bravo!'

'Shut up, animal!' shouted the Puerto Rican, who was aroused and annoyed, while one of the Jamaicans, fearful of what His Britannic Majesty would think of such goings on, said with conciliatory meekness, 'Spaniard, be careful of what you say. Mr. Norton and Fico Larrachea will get angry.'

The Haitians, however, went right on eating and looked attentively at Manuel Herdoza, as if to say, somewhere in the depths of their sleeping minds, 'This Spaniard seems to be saying things that are very good for Haitians, but it's better to finish our dinner calmly. Goats like this are n't seen every day.'

III

I, Marcos Antilla, was then stirred and sang a song for the human redemption of our earth. I confess, frankly, that the morning sun found me still under the influence of that Christmas Eve. What a pity that, as we all prepared to enter the cane field again, we saw, coming toward us, Mr. Norton himself, the tenant farmer, Fico Larrachea, and a couple of rural guards.

'Oh, now Mr. Norton is angry,'

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said the biggest and fattest Jamaican.

'We're going to hear some more about the party,' gleefully laughed the Dominican, Chano Galbán.

Having joined us, the tenant farmer, Fico Larrachea, said, 'Mr. Norton, a law-abiding man, a friend of Cuba and of honorable and peaceful labor, who watches over the order and interests of the company he represents, already knows what happened here last night. He wants all of you to go as usual, without protest, into the field, but the Spaniard, Manuel Herdoza, and the so-called Marcos Antilla, who makes it his business to draw men away from work and order, must set out at once upon the highway that leads to Hormiga Loca. The rural guards will accompany them.'

Manuel Herdoza protested indignantly.

I exclaimed, almost smilingly, 'Mr. Norton is ill informed. We were celebrating the birth of the Redeemer of the world, on our own earth. No one can prevent us from doing that.'

Mr. Norton, who remained unperturbed, as if he were talking from the pulpit of a Protestant church, now favored us with this speech in broken Spanish: 'This land no be yours, this land be of the Cubanacán Sugar Company; company no want speeches here; disturb work and business; company want here people who only think of cutting cane. Marcos Antilla and Spanish anarchist have nothing to do here but to leave field right way with rural guards.'

Having said this, Mr. Norton walked away from us still unperturbed and . . . said nothing more. I could have continued with energetic words, but what was the use of answering Mr. Norton? Obviously, he was right: the earth did not belong to us, but to the company.

While everyone stood silent, we set forth with the rural guards from the land of the Cubanacán Sugar Company. Behind us remained, as always, the plantation, where we had opened a breach in the living heart of the cane with our sweat and blood, and only the shadows of our own bodies followed us along the highway flooded with the light of our glaring island sun. . . .

And so ends, my comrade and friend, this pointless little story of the plantation.

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Persons and Personages

Portrait of a Storm Trooper

By Hermann Britt

Translated from the *Neue Weltbühne*, German Liberal Weekly Published in Prague

Last winter there appeared in *Völkischer Beobachter*, organ of the National Socialist Party, a novel in numerous installments entitled *Hitlerjunge Quecks*. Although the author was obviously familiar with the daily routine of the storm detachments, he did not give a clear-cut portrait of the type of young fellow who is ruling the streets of Germany to-day and who will probably continue in possession of them for some days to come. Hitler's young follower, Quecks, remained a puppet like all the other young men described in the novel. Shorn of nationalist phrases, he amounted to nothing but an insignificant boy scout.

Perhaps this insignificance is typical of the average young member of a Hitler storm battalion. Nevertheless, to-day is not the first time that people have asked in curiosity or dismay what is really in the head of a young storm-battalion member. What does he think? Does he think at all? How does he live? Why did he join the Nazis?

There is no set type of young National Socialist. The Nazi movement, like all others, is made up of hundreds and thousands of various types with characteristics which are both complementary and contradictory and which form a tangled mass of the most varied emotions, ideas, and inhibitions. Only the uniforms are alike. The storm battalions included and still do include the sons of former officers and of government officials, students, manual workers, a few foremen, and a great many unemployed. They are drawn from every rank of society and there are as many different human types as there are representatives of different social groups. Furthermore, each individual storm-battalion member speaks for the comrades of his own age, profession, and social group.

I knew in Berlin the twenty-one-year-old son of a janitor. Early in 1932 this young man joined a storm detachment by way of his football club. His father was a Social Democrat and the son had been trained to be a locksmith, but as soon as he had completed his apprenticeship he found himself unemployed. He then spent three years wandering about with a group of young Social Democrats. In summer he went paddling and in winter he played a great deal of chess. He would never state clearly why he turned his back on his Social Democratic youth club. From his mother, however, I once happened to learn that he had got into some

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stupid trouble with a girl, an entirely personal affair. He then joined the storm detachment through one of his athletic companions. Shortly after this, I met him in the street. He was wearing a short blue coat, brown trousers, and high riding boots. We went to a bar and talked. I forgot to mention that the young man had entered a storm detachment in the Moabit section of Berlin, for his father was a janitor in the Hansa quarter on the edge of the proletarian district, a peculiar sort of neighborhood.

The young man explained to me that his joining the storm detachment had nothing whatever to do with politics. He had been a member for four weeks and had not yet discussed politics with his new friends nor had they said a word to him on the subject. When I shook my head skeptically, he admitted with a shrug of his shoulders that they were given lectures twice a week that attributed Germany's desperate situation to the Versailles Treaty and to the Social Democratic bureaucracy. To strengthen his case he pulled out of his pocket a pamphlet entitled *Twelve Years of Marxist Rule*. He had studied it carefully and said that every word in it was true. His father had hung a picture of Ebert over his bureau, but all his friends and relatives except his father had been unemployed for years, which he said was the result of republican rule.

I asked him what his father thought of his membership in the storm battalion. The young man laughed. 'At first he swore terribly and wanted to kick me out. Then he said that I would soon have enough of it and would give it up and be sorry that I had ever been taken in. But the old man is mistaken. The storm detachment is fine. Everything is all right. They hit straight from the shoulder. At least you know where you stand. There is no more of that lounging about that was driving me crazy.'

TWO months later I met him again just in front of his barracks. He looked about rather nervously when I began to talk to him and then led me off to a distant part of the Tiergarten. He was greatly changed, much more self-possessed, and more skilled in his use of words. We were soon engaged in a heated argument over the question of whether the Nazis were or were not a capitalist party. He was beside himself with rage that such a question should be brought up at all. 'Of course, we have rich members and get large sums of money out of them. Otherwise, we should not be so flush. But the wonderful thing about Hitler is that all the people who now think they are using him will find themselves terribly surprised some day. Any means is justified in attaining a great purpose. Even the Communists say so, but Communism is stupid. Of course, there are a few good fellows among them, all of whom will certainly come over to us, but the others do nothing but talk and they are really first cousins of the high priests of Social Democracy. With us everything is

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marvelously organized. You ought to see how our storm battalion looks. Everything is spic and span. When we once start to attack, everything will be ready, from the alarm signal and the requisitioning of food to the hospital beds.'

'Whom are you going to attack?'

'Everyone who has had anything to say up to now.' Then he explained to me his theory of socialism which was, of course, not original with him. He had been told in his course of instruction that, in order for everyone in Germany to prosper, factory owners need not be thrown out, for if that were done hunger and misery would follow, as happened in Russia. On the contrary, the employers must be forced to pay sufficient wages.

I asked whether he had ever read a book on socialism or any of Marx. He shook his head seriously. 'You know, I once wanted to read a great deal, but now I have a new friend, an engineer, our group leader—a wonderful fellow, I tell you. He is thirty years old but when we range the forest or go marching he is the fastest of any. He told me that all Germany's misfortunes are due to the fact that young people have stayed indoors studying and reading hundreds of books without learning anything about how to face real problems. Once you have understood something clearly you must not study it any more, but must act. It is clear that the condition of Germany must be changed. Why should I weigh myself down with books? There will be time for that later, ten or twenty years from now. And, besides, there are so many lies and deceptions. The most profound thoughts and difficult problems are merely used to conceal a great swindle. Have you ever heard Goebbels speak in the Sportpalast? You can understand every sentence; he speaks as simply and clearly as we think. The last time I was there I wanted to jump up and shout, "Yes, that's so," after every sentence.'

I asked him again what his father said now that he was spending all his time with the storm battalion. 'Oh, forget the old fellow. I left him long ago and live with the engineer. It costs me nothing. He has a three-room dwelling.'

Again the conversation turned to the conflict between the rich and the poor.

'Of course, some of our young fellows are the sons of rich parents, but that makes no difference. On the contrary, we are only against the exploiters, and they do not exploit us. The engineer has money and lets me live and eat with him free. That is real socialism. If the exploiters don't pay their workers and clerks enough wages, then we shall either teach them a lesson as soon as we receive orders from Adolf Hitler or else we shall put better men in their places. All you need is to have power and then everything else comes of its own accord.'

I met him only once last summer, in a café. He was in civilian clothes

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and a girl was with him. He greeted me, raising his hand and crying out, rather crudely, 'Yes, indeed, the heart must be given its due.' The girl blushed. He was like a real soldier on leave.

In March the Moabit storm battalion to which this young man belonged beat and maltreated dozens of workers terribly. To-day he is perhaps occupying one of the buildings requisitioned by the storm battalion and seriously believing that some of the workers are being ground to the dust and others raised to the heights. He is typical of the young members of the storm battalion who go about their business as if it were a kind of sport. As long as they can do that, as long as they are served by storm-detachment kitchens and well-to-do friends, they will remain firmly convinced that social justice reigns in Germany. They will never outgrow that idea. They will have to be shaken out of it. But before that happens some time must pass.

Hitler and His Gang

By a British Psychiatrist

From the *Daily Herald*, London Labor Daily

THIS article is by a London doctor who for obvious reasons does not disclose his name. He is an expert psychologist and psychiatrist, and has been on the staff of several well-known asylums. He has studied in Germany and has wide experience of conditions there.—Editor of the *Daily Herald*.

My special job is to deal with people who are insane or mentally unstable. I am well acquainted with the German language, have paid several visits to Germany, and have long been interested in German affairs. Certain aspects of the present Hitlerite régime impress me so forcibly from the viewpoint of my own speciality that I cannot help feeling that my views may prove of interest. What chiefly interests the mental specialist is the overwhelming and undoubted fact that the leaders of Hitlerism are mentally unstable—in certain cases to the point of definite insanity.

I must first introduce a word not yet widely known, that is, paranoia (pronounced par-ah-noy-ah with the accent on the 'noy'). It is the name of one of the most pernicious forms of insanity, sometimes loosely known as persecution mania. An understanding of paranoia is the key to much that seems incomprehensible about Germany at the present moment. It is commoner in men than in women and first manifests itself between the ages of thirty and fifty; it is a disease in which the intellec-

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tual faculties are not impaired, with the exception of a disordered judgment; the reasoning powers are preserved but sidetracked.

The sufferer entertains a delusion that is completely false; where the delusion is concerned, he is usually quite logical in his reasoning except that he begins with a false supposition, with false premises. The conclusions he arrives at would be perfectly correct if his assumptions were true in the first instance. Outside that delusion, his conduct may seem perfectly normal, he may have complete self-control and often a degree of energy and intelligence superior to the average. It is a disease that slowly worsens. Because of their peculiar personalities, few paranoiacs marry; and those who do make a mess of it.

Oddly enough, only a small percentage of paranoiacs find their way into asylums. Most of them have harmless delusions that may not interfere with their jobs; and they often find an outlet for these in publishing pamphlets or books at their own expense; or by joining and organizing eccentric or faddist movements. Many are clever enough to keep their delusions to themselves; a few become public nuisances and have to be looked after in asylums. Others are not diagnosed until they have committed irreparable harm; as, for example, the Russian doctor who assassinated the French President, Doumer, and the Italian laborer who shot at President Roosevelt and mortally injured Mayor Cermak of Chicago.

A very common delusion among paranoiacs is that the Jews, Catholics, or Freemasons are responsible for all their ills. It is a step from this to their belief that all the ills of the world are due to these agencies. Hitlerism is, then, to the mental specialist at any rate, a form of paranoia, a form of persecution mania with the Jew as villain and scapegoat. It is certainly a movement whose leaders are paranoiacs of considerable energy but of mediocre intelligence.

GÖRING—more powerful perhaps than even Hitler—is an outstanding example. A record of his actions and pronouncements—taken even from the official Hitlerite organs—reveals without any vestige of a doubt that he is a paranoiac of the most dangerous type; with the savage ferocity, directed against Jew, Frenchman, Russian, non-German, non-Hitlerite, indeed against everybody, with the instability, the passionate impulsiveness, and the sadistic, violent hate of the paranoiac.

Hate is the most characteristic symptom of paranoia—hatred of imaginary persecutors. Göring evidently found the hate that he was not able to indulge so oppressive that he resorted—as do a certain percentage of paranoiacs—to drugs that might allay the violent and passionate emotions resulting from his delusions. It is known that as far back as 1925 he was detained—after trouble with the Swedish police—at an

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asylum in Stockholm as a dangerously violent lunatic and drug addict. Even at that time he entertained the delusions of being persecuted by imaginary enemies that is so characteristic of paranoia. There is no doubt that, if he were deprived of his morphine for one single week, he would be reduced to a pitiable state of slobbering, demented insanity. Yet this man has probably greater executive power than anyone else in Germany to-day. No wonder atrocities are common and constructive activities rare.

Hitler himself—half Slav by birth and a bachelor, despite his conventional and indeed reactionary views on the function of women and on marriage—is also a paranoiac and an extremely unstable person, as is indicated clearly in his autobiography. He has found an outlet for much of his morbid ferocity, hate, and aggressiveness in a form of violent oratory for which he has developed an unexpected gift.

Dr. Goebbels—a disgruntled cripple of similar temperament, but less stupid and better educated—has become the brains of the movement (and second-class brains at that), while Göring remains the hands of the party, and Hitler the tongue and figurehead. All of them have more energy than ability and more luck than just reward.

Rosenberg—theorist of the movement and exponent of anti Semitism—also shows in his works the lack of balance and judgment and the sadistic ferocity of the paranoiac. In one of his 'classic' works he demands that 'on each telegraph pole from Munich to Berlin the head of a prominent Jew must be displayed.' The most righteous indignation of normal people against even the most depraved criminals would never express itself in such a manner.

Röhm—one of Hitler's right-hand men—is a self-confessed homosexual who figured in a scandal that shocked Germany some years ago. Although he has abused his military power to satisfy his perverse desires, he is still military leader of the Nazis and minister in Bavaria.

A startling—almost unbelievable—comment on Hitlerite practice is the recent appointment of Dr. Rust to the post of Minister of Education in Prussia. Three years ago he was compulsorily retired from his post as teacher and certified to be suffering from general paralysis, a disease of the brain in which the germ of that dread disease, syphilis, slowly corrodes the brain and gradually extinguishes its activities. Now he controls education in Prussia and has been commissioned to dismiss teachers from schools and professors from universities because they either are Jews or hold radical views. Men of international repute as researchers are being torn from their laboratories and their activities sterilized on the word of a man with a damaged brain.

One may well ask, what can such people do for Germany? By profession and temperament, I am disposed to sympathize with the mentally

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unstable, who need help rather than abuse, but the lunatic who runs amuck must be dealt with drastically to protect the community if lesser measures fail.

Dr. Schacht

By Georges Suarez

Translated from *Le Temps*, Paris Semiofficial Daily

It is not fair to give Hitler the whole credit for having saved the German people from impure contacts by leading them back to the cult of their origins. All the theatrical symbolism of his character would not have been strong enough to break the last ties that attached his adopted country to the undeniable realities and principles of civilized nations if he had not been aided by Dr. Schacht, who was better prepared technically than any other man to use statistics to put ideas into execution.

Two forces joined in unequal proportions, science and fanaticism, have aroused Germany from that spirit of apparent indifference which the genius of Stresemann had gradually created, especially during the last years of his life, when he moved so cautiously and used the specious claims of pacifism to liberate Germany from its engagements and chains. Hitler may flatter himself that he seduced the masses with new truths, but Dr. Schacht has convinced himself that the truths he discovered lead in practice to the same end.

This man whose artistic taste is happier than his political taste, this ingenious, passionate spirit who admires ancient Greece as well as a foggy German ideal, might have been his country's foremost financier if he had not been cursed with the unfortunate ambition to become its foremost politician. It was not through any fear of economic conflict that he once tried to bring the parties of the centre and the right together at a time when both of them were so old and tired that they no longer had the strength to hate each other. When Hitlerism appeared it had no difficulty in winning his allegiance. Dr. Schacht was ready to come to terms.

Of course his adversaries have long reproached him with his Danish origins, but this is merely another illustration of his faculty for adapting himself to German methods and German aims, which have so completely impregnated this virulent man of fifty, this overeager descendant of business men and clergymen, that he does not yet think he has reached the limits of his own dreams. Every new step has been carefully indicated in advance by his own obstinate nature.

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As a modest employee of the Dresdner Bank, he seemed destined from the start to an era of great monetary catastrophes. The steady development of his career, which was not disturbed by the upheaval of 1914, installed him quite naturally as financial adviser to General von Bissing, the famous ephemeral satrap of Belgium. Nothing unexpected occurred as he continued. Neither war nor peace produced their usual repercussions. Vigorous institutions, a psychology as automatic as an alarm clock, and implacable ambition protected Dr. Schacht from the surprises of history.

One by one his worries about his career collapsed with the mark; he marched on impassively over mountains of paper money. The lower the mark fell, the higher he rose, and, when bankruptcy was shaking the foundations of German economy, it was to him that Chancellor Luther turned in the hope that he could breathe new life into the fatally stricken currency.

Dr. Schacht has told in his *Memoirs* how he proceeded. He was installed in uncomfortable quarters without a fireplace that a surly finance minister had put at his disposal. His first move was to dismiss all the assistants who had been assigned to him. Alone with a single secretary to whom he dictated day and night, he set in motion the vast stabilization project to which Germany owes its salvation.

TO-DAY Dr. Schacht is president of the Reichsbank for the second time. Is it because he has learned to his cost that one should not destroy the basis of one's destiny prematurely that he is taking such pains to please his masters in Berlin? His experience with public affairs has taught him that there are more risks in success than there are drawbacks in failure. People said that no country eager to stabilize itself could have found a more unstable stabilizer than Dr. Schacht. He was cursed, slandered, vilified. Lawsuits multiplied. The most harmless activities of the Reichsbank were suspect. Some of them have even become legendary. For instance, a certain historic *Mittwoch Abend* on which a rise in the discount rate was decreed by Dr. Schacht created a panic on the Berlin Stock Exchange such as it had not seen in the most tragic periods of inflation. This gave the signal for a ferocious press campaign. In Germany the opposition of the right is more aggressive than that of the left, as recent events proved when the Socialists and the Centre Party abdicated in the face of Hitlerism. Meanwhile Dr. Schacht could not resist the hatred engendered against him. The lawsuits and insults had gradually influenced his convictions and changed his character. Formerly the target of the Nationalists, he became their man, but he came from a considerable distance. Originally an adherent of the Democratic Party, he had slowly moved over to its right wing, and there was still a

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great distance between him and Hitler. We may be sure that a profound need for moral support, as well as his own ambition, persuaded him to abandon his original political views.

When you see him between two trains, busy, brief case in hand, with his natural stiffness of attitude and measured cordiality of gesture, you think of the kind of German who is not astonished when you tell him that the green tiles in the Metz station seem strange to you. Dr. Schacht has a marked taste for French art, but his rude almost jagged figure suggests something different. His slightly contemptuous, slightly distant air of dignity could belong only to an Imperial official. He laughs inside himself and confers on the outer world only a pale, superior smile that half lights up his face and then vanishes all too soon. The forehead over his gray eyes, which look at you through unrimmed glasses, is furrowed. A short moustache comes down to the edge of his lips and throws a shadow over his mouth that is more ironic than tender. His lofty bearing radiates an impression of concentrated energy, repressed violence, and intense pride.

Dr. Schacht has the reputation of possessing a bad character, which is not the best form of character, whatever people may say. The mayor of Breslau confronted him with it one day when Dr. Schacht overstepped the limits of administrative arrogance in transmitting an official circular. The burgomaster retaliated by publishing a letter of reply in which he declared that he would not serve like a lackey but that he was ready to coöperate with Dr. Schacht, whom he sincerely admired. It is hard to say whether this rebellion of self-respect did not contain as much servile homage as indignation. In any case, Dr. Schacht expressed his regrets. Furthermore, one must admit that his irritability was not always without excuse. All Germany regards him as the man who stabilized the mark, and we in France know from experience that a measure that touches, threatens, or restores so many essential interests never satisfies everyone.

DURING the second part of his career Dr. Schacht has had to reconquer or regain the sympathies that his outbursts and the *Rentenmark* lost him. This was a difficult task in a country where individualism is a vice. There were but few means by which he could attain his end. He had to march in step, follow the crowd, flatter the mob, enroll under absurd banners, accept having Germany add to the universal trouble, renounce being a man of intelligence who made no agreements with anybody, and subject himself to a dictatorship that he was the last to understand or to excuse. Such were the essential features of the discipline he inflicted on himself in order to win the confidence of his new masters. Painful as it is to witness such splendid will power grappling with the impossible, we

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should not be surprised. Has not Dr. Schacht introduced national arguments into technical fields under the cover of clever and apparently inoffensive formulations? Jacques Seydoux in a remarkable study of reparations entitled *From Versailles to the Young Plan* notes that Dr. Schacht has the detestable habit of making technical debates wander off into questions of a political nature. Thus he is remaining faithful to these premeditated digressions. But, if racial prejudice is the reaction of the mob in a disturbed country, then when this emotion is outlined and systematized by such a man as Dr. Schacht it becomes an unprecedented aberration in the tradition of government.

His first act to free his country from what it owed abroad was to decide to repay through the Reichsbank the balance of the advances that had been granted jointly by the banks of England and France, by the Federal Reserve Bank of the United States, and by the Bank of International Settlements. One could not help respecting such a demonstration of honesty, which ought to modify our notion of German good faith in the matter of reparations, if it had not occurred after three attempts to escape payment entirely. What does he really expect of an operation whose uncertainties he understands better than anyone else? Does he believe that Hitlerism will change those of its policies that are incompatible with national economy, or is he attempting to prevent the creditors of the Reich from making advantageous settlements of interest and principal?

What will be the cost of his success if he does succeed? No one can foretell, not even Dr. Schacht himself, who enjoys an esteem that is not completely justified. To-day he is repudiating in the name of the government the methods he once used. He is abandoning the doctrines that enabled him to rebuild the financial and monetary system of Germany six years ago, for without foreign aid the mark would never have been stabilized. Has nationalism destroyed his scientific qualities to this extent, and is the realism that used to be his outstanding intellectual feature merely a memory of his youth, which has now been conquered by the illusions of Hitlerism?

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Nazi policy toward the Jews is justified by a friend of Hitler, and a discussion of the Nazi black list of books from the organ of the German book trade is followed by a postscript from Clifton Fadiman of Simon and Schuster.

Thunder from the NAZIS

Two Official Documents

I. The Case for Anti-Semitism

By Count Ernst zu Reventlow

Translated from *Je Suis Partout*, Paris Topical Conservative Weekly

IT IS basically inexact to speak of German 'anti-Semitism.' We have nothing against the Semites: There are even Semitic peoples, such as the Arabs, for whom we feel esteem as well as sympathy—and I shall mention in passing that recent scientific research shows that the Jewish people does not belong to the Semitic group after all. The name, 'anti-Semitism,' which originated in the last century, was invented by the Jews themselves in order to give the impression that it was a question of a barbarous psychosis against Semitism. Jewish propaganda has succeeded in the course of the last hundred years in making hundreds of millions of people think that a parricide is an innocent lamb compared to an 'anti-Semite.'

In its present task of purification Germany is simply making use of that legitimate right of every people which Woodrow Wilson defined as 'the right of nations to self-determination.' In its time this maxim was greeted with enthusiasm in France, England, and America. I am surprised that these same powers do not manifest the same enthusiasm toward us Germans now that Germany is exercising within her own frontiers her national right of determining her destiny by eliminating a foreign nation, the Jewish nation, from the body of the German people.

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II

We are asked, 'What are your reasons for this?' I shall enumerate the main ones. The Jews in Germany, like Jews all over the world, consider themselves at bottom as members of the Jewish people, or, according to our expression, as members of universal Judaism. The philosopher, Arthur Schopenhauer, once wrote: 'The country of the Jews is other Jews.' They are a *natio inter nationes* and they form a network enveloping all nations—a situation that constitutes one of the chief reasons for the German action against the Jews of the Jewish International.

For a period of over fifty years Karl Marx, the Jewish creator of Marxism, gave a majority of the working population of Germany internationalism for a creed and, within the frame of Social Democracy and later of Communism, formed adversaries filled with an immense hatred of all national ideas. It was always Jewish intellectuals who, with fanatical zeal, preached the Marxist doctrine and maintained the German worker in his 'antinationalism.' Under the direction of the Jews and of people converted to Judaism, Social Democracy, together with liberalism, has always fought everything that could serve to unite Germany internally. These same German Jews have never left undone any act that could serve to weaken the German state spiritually, morally, politically, or economically, or to increase internal dissensions. They are known to be, as the German historian, Theodor Mommsen, has said, 'the ferment of decomposition.'

It is a characteristic fact that in Germany the Jews have always worked against the economic independence of the country, unfortunately with great success. The Jews and the political parties and newspapers that they control have always proved hostile to German agricultural economy, to the artisan class, and to petty industry, in a word, to every walk of life that is rooted in the soil itself. They consider these to be reactionary and believe that they should be extirpated and replaced by big business and its concomitant, international commerce. It is almost unnecessary to add that we National Socialists do not really wish complete autarchy but a sane agricultural economy and a middle class capable of sustaining life and of attaining a sufficiently elevated position in the economic production of the country.

It is in the very nature of the Jew to render all securities 'liquid' and 'mobile' so that they can be negotiated internationally. In this manner alone can big business live and its supporter, the Jew, enrich himself immeasurably. Moreover, by controlling commerce the Jew is able to play the rôle of world intermediary and to profit immensely thereby. The Jew trades at the expense of the people and with their money. That is why he tells the nations that an unregulated world traffic, not controlled by the state, signifies 'the progress of humanity.'

For decades Germans have let themselves be influenced by these false lessons and many more besides. That is why German labor has been led to become the slave of capitalism, and that is also why capitalism and Marxism have worked for each other in Germany, dividing the rôles between them. When, for instance, an estate

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was sold at auction by order of the courts, capitalism received either the profits of the sale or the estate itself, while the uprooted proprietor became a proletarian and joined one of the Marxist parties. Both Marxism and capitalism were the gainers; the people, the nation were the losers.

It is perhaps little known that the laws governing the German state banks were made by the Jews, to the great detriment of popular economy and the immeasurable profit of the banks and Jewish finance. That is why the big Jewish banks in Germany exercised a dominating influence and used their power to their own profit against the German economic system and the independence of the country. That is why, as the present condition of Germany proves, they heaped an incredible weight of debt upon the country, letting it become completely impoverished, while German Judaism became constantly richer—each new loan was a big affair for those who negotiated it—and sent its wealth abroad by the billions.

In short, the activities of the Jews in politics, economics, and the social domain have always run counter to organization, while National Socialism represents an organized principle and considers the people as forming an integral part of a living organism. One cannot reproach the Jews for their activities any more than one can reproach bacilli for being bacilli, but a state that wishes to remain organically alive and strong cannot tolerate the Jews.

III

The analyzing talent of the Jew must be recognized. The best of all analysts is death, which destroys all that has been organized. Human beings are defenseless against death, but nations are not defenseless against the Jews. According to the official figures, there are 600,000 Jews in Germany, but this number includes only orthodox Jews. Jews who have become Christian or who are not orthodox and those who are not registered as Jews because they immigrated into the country are not included. Since there has been heavy Jewish immigration into Germany from Eastern Europe from the beginning of the War up to the immediate past there must be at least a million Jews in the country. For a long time the Jews and their friends have spontaneously declared that the Germans were incapable of 'digesting' this limited number of Jews and that this was a sign of weakness. Well, there are certain things that are indigestible, such, for instance, as those that are harmful to the body and must be designated as poisons.

Moreover, the Jewish occupations include commerce, which they dominate in all its forms, finance, the press, the theatre, the 'administration' (as they themselves say) of literature, the cinema, and above all pornography—all of them things that they consider only as means of amassing wealth and with whose aid they have exercised an enormously corrupt and domineering influence on the population for many years. In accordance with the proverb, 'Debase and then demolish,' their aim has always been to ridicule and destroy morality, religion, patriotism, and all ideals, including that of the family. They are shamelessly cynical toward everything that a people holds sacred, but, on the other hand, are as sensitive as a mimosa

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plant to all criticism, and particularly to all irony, that emanates from Germans.

The teaching professions were filled with Jews. In Berlin it was difficult to find a lawyer or a judge who was not a Jew. Jewish doctors had flooded the entire country. The governmental ministries overflowed with Jewish officials and secretaries, men and women who examined or spied on the state so as to see whether the ways of Israel were being conscientiously and obediently followed. But one would have sought in vain for Jews among the peasants, laborers, and artisans. They entered only vocations that offered them a chance to grow rich or to influence and control the state or the life of the people. Under the Jewish régime the German official lost to a large extent the integrity for which he was formerly renowned. At least one Jew has been involved in each of the bribery trials of the last fourteen years, which is not to say that other Jews were innocent.

IV

Just as we do not wish Germans to appear before Jewish judges and to be questioned and sentenced by them, so we cannot permit Jewish instructors to teach in the universities and higher schools and corrupt German youth. Still less can we tolerate a higher percentage of Jewish students in German schools and universities than exists in the country at large. This policy, too, belongs to the Germans' natural right of self-determination. Jewish instructors can teach the children of their own race and transmit to them the precepts of their wisdom.

There must, however, be other nations who believe, as we do, that international Jewish organizations such as Zionism and the fraternal order, B'nai Brith, would not budge an inch if, for instance, a war were to break out between two nations. While the nations were trying to annihilate each other, the Jewish organizations would remain in intimate contact, yet would pretend that they constituted the best patriots in the countries in which they lived. In truth, much may be demanded of European nations, much that is astonishing . . .

The Jews are always talking about pacifism, and at the same time are inciting two or more nations against each other in the most rabid fashion. They are responsible for that old lie that is always believed—that internationalism is a way of obtaining peace. The opposite is true. For all nations except one internationalism is something unhealthy, contrary to nature, false in itself, and that one nation is the Jewish nation. If it promotes internationalism, it does so simply because internationalism enables it to conduct its financial affairs now from one side, now from another, now through war, now through revolution, and to become itself the *natio inter nationes*, the mistress of the world. Richard Wagner called the Jew the plastic demon of decadence.

I am persuaded that the disappearance of the Jewish element as a power would ameliorate and facilitate international relations to an extraordinary degree. Two frankly nationalistic peoples can deal with each other on a basis of sincerity, each understanding and respecting the nationalism of the other, but as soon as some 'international' or other exerts its influence and the world organizations secretly con-

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trolled by the Jews play their part the atmosphere of sincerity is destroyed, falsehood makes its appearance, the danger of conflict is constantly present, and uncontrollable negotiations take place behind the scenes.

To-day, world-wide Jewish organizations are trying to incite the world against Germany; a Jewish war is being waged against us because the German people wishes to make use of its natural right of self-determination. We shall not lose this war, for we have always known where we stood on this question. We have the necessary inspiration, and the German population has achieved unity. We are equally persuaded that the action taken by Germany will lead many other European nations to inquire whether, in their cases also, the Jew is a blessing or a curse.

II. Germany's Blacklisted Books

By Dr. Wolfgang Herrmann

Translated from *Börsenblatt für den Deutschen Buchhandel*
Daily Publication of the German Book Trade

THE task that the public libraries in the new Germany face can be summed up in Mussolini's watchword: 'Book and rifle—that is my command.' In other words, the cultural-political purpose of the public libraries is to consist in the intellectual arming and complete mobilization of all German people, who are to be provided with literature of unsullied origin. The first step in this direction is a universal, spontaneous effort to concentrate the working material and supply of books in each library on fundamentals. Everywhere that experts took action this process was gone through in orderly fashion, and the general public soon understood what was happening when the inquisitorial words, 'black list,' became current. Old idols were not shattered; instead, new principles of selection and value were introduced to the field of popular literature and literary criticism.

Of course the black lists were drawn up along literary-political lines, and the fundamental preliminary question necessary to every political decision is: Who is the real enemy? Against whom is the struggle directed?

The answer took the form of a declaration issued by the Prussian Ministry for Science, Art, and Popular Education and applied to all state libraries. One passage read as follows: 'The struggle is directed against symptoms of disintegration in our form-bound way of thinking and living—that is to say, against "asphalt literature," most of which is written for people who live in big cities and increases their independence of the world around them, of the people, and of any community, so that they are finally uprooted completely. It is the literature of intellectual nihilism.'

Asphalt literature is then defined as follows: 'This form of literature is written chiefly but not entirely by Jews. For not every Jewish author writes asphalt literature. For instance, there is the criticism that the Zionist, Emanuel bin Gorion, has always leveled against the literature of assimi-

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lated Jews in behalf of the principle of Jewish nationalism.' Again it reads: 'Not every Russian writer is a culture-Bolshevist. Dostoievski and Tolstoi do not belong on the index—without Dostoievski there would have been no Moeller van den Bruck! New Russian works are not necessarily to be condemned, any more than all new Russian writers are, such as Fadeyev and Farassov-Rodinov.'

Here is what the declaration has to say about the technical methods by which the purification is to be put into effect: 'It is recommended that one copy each of even the most dangerous books be kept in the larger libraries on the poison shelf, to be used in the forthcoming analysis of asphalt writers and Marxists. This applies especially to scientific-Marxist literature, which is of course useless in any public library. From a technical standpoint, the purification process is to proceed by stages, so that the shelves will not be emptied faster than the library can acquire new German writings to fill them.'

The books that are forbidden to be taken out of the libraries fall into three groups. Group 1 includes those burned in the *auto-da-fé*—for instance, Remarque. Group 2 includes the poison shelf—Marx and Lenin, for example. Group 3 includes doubtful books that have not yet been assigned to Group 1 or Group 2—Traven, for instance.

The closing sentences of the declaration are of outstanding significance: 'More important than the purification is the sound construction of the new Germany. Patriotic claptrap does not enter into sound construction of a nationalist and socialist nature. The black lists will ban that kind of thing too.' As examples of patriotic claptrap F. D. Höcker and Peter Hoch were chosen. These formulations were drawn up with such an extraordinary degree of rigor and consistency that they give the independent German bookseller a very inadequate idea of what he can do. For the public libraries are subject to different laws from those that govern the bookseller, whose field is a much wider one. The first official black list, which we print below, makes this fundamental distinction quite clear:—

Belles-Lettres

The list below includes all books and authors that could be excluded as a result of the purification campaign of the public libraries. [The entire list included 149 items, some of which we have omitted.—*Editor of* The Living Age.] Whether or not they must all be eliminated depends on how many new books there are to fill the vacant places. The list does not take into consideration the actual supply of books in each individual library. It is issued merely for the general assistance of the librarians and inspectors who are charged with the work of purification. It includes only the field of belles-lettres.

Anthology of Recent Lyrics, *Anthology of Recent Prose*, Nathan Asch, Shalom Asch, *Budjonnys Reiterarmee* by Isaak Babel, Henri Barbusse, Johannes Becher, Richard Beer-Hofmann, Günther Birkenfeld, Fritz Bley (everything except animal and hunting stories), Waldemar Bonsels (everything except *Die Biene Maja*, *Himmelsvolk* and *Indienfahrt*), Bert Brecht, *Rot gegen Rot* by Josef Breitbach, Max Brod (everything except *Tycho Brahe*),

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Schicksale hinter Schreibmaschinen by Christa Anita Brück, Robert Carr, Alfred Döblin (everything except *Wallenstein*), John Dos Passos, *Nacht in Warschau* by Erich Ebermayer, Kasimir Edschmid (everything except *Timur* and *Sechs Mündungen*), Ilya Ehrenburg (everything except *Gracchus Babeuf*), Hermann Essig, *Vampir* and *Alraune* by Hans Heinz Ewers.

Lion Feuchtwanger, Georg Fink, Leonhard Frank (everything except *Die Räuberbande* and *Das Ochsenfurter Männerquartett*), *Die Pflasterkästen* by Alexander Frey, Rudolf Geist, Feodor Gladkov, Ivan Goll, Maxim Gorki (*Der Spitzel*, *Märchen der Wirklichkeit*, *Eine Beichte*, *Wie ein Mensch geboren ward*, *Das blaue Leben*), Oskar Maria Graf (everything except *Wunderbare Menschen* and *Kalendergeschichten*), Karl Grünberg, Jaroslav Hašek, Walter Hasenclever, *Men Without Women* by Ernest Hemingway, Arthur Holitscher, *Blut und Zelluloid* by Heinrich Eduard Jacob, *Vier von der Infanterie* by Ernst Johannsen, Erich Kaestner (everything except *Emil und die Detektive*), Joseph Kallinikov, Gina Kaus, *Der 9. November* by Bernhard Kellermann, Alfred Kerr, Hermann Kesten, Egon Erwin Kisch, Alexandra Kollontai, Adolf Andreas Latzko, Vladimir Lidin, Jack London (*Martin Eden*, *Strait-Jacket*, and *The Iron Heel*), Emil Ludwig.

Heinrich Mann, Klaus Mann, Robert Neumann (everything except *Mit fremden Federn*), Ernst Ottwalt, Theodor Plivier, Erich Maria Remarque, *Nachkrieg* by Ludwig Renn, Joseph Roth, Rahel Sanzara, Alfred Schirokauer, Arthur Schnitzler (everything except *Der Weg ins Freie*), Anna Seghers, Upton Sinclair, Adrienne Thomas, Ernst Toller, *Regierung* and *Der Karren* by Bruno Traven, Kurt Tucholsky, Fritz von Unruh (everything except *Offiziere* and *Louis Ferdinand*). Jakob Wassermann, Armin T. Wegner, Franz Werfel (everything except *Barbara*, *Verdi*, and *Der Tod des Kleinbürgers*), Arnold Zweig, Stefan Zweig.

[Other black lists include the fields of politics, statecraft, history, literary history, art, geography, biography.]

Postscript

By Clifton Fadiman

IT IS interesting to note that this library black list really calls the roster of those names that mean something in contemporary German literature. Writers such as Feuchtwanger, Brod, Döblin, Ludwig, Heinrich Mann, Remarque, Joseph Roth, Arthur Schnitzler, Wassermann, Werfel, and Arnold and Stefan Zweig are honored names here as they were in Germany. Günther Birkenfeld, Anton Breitbach, Erich Ebermayer, Georg Fink, Ludwig Renn, Rahel Sanzara, Anna Seghers, and B. Traven would be listed by any critic of standing among the most significant of the younger German novelists. Such men as Arthur Holitscher, Alfred Kerr, Egon Erwin Kisch, and Kurt Tucholsky represent the highest, most conscientious, and most virile intellectual criticism Germany has recently produced. Any student of German literature, no matter what his political sympathies, would, after examining this black list, be forced to conclude that the literary culture of Germany has been dealt a fatal blow. If these men are missing, little is left.

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The initials, 'P. C.,' signed to this imaginative sketch of Pontius Pilate stand, we believe, for a recent Ambassador to the United States, Paul Claudel.

Pontius Pilate's Point *of* View

By 'P. C.'

Translated from the *Nouvelle Revue Française* Paris Literary Monthly

Crucifixus etiam sub Pontio Pilato.

AND above all, the chickens. Don't forget to remind me of the chickens. It is very important.

I don't know what objection you can have to the fact that Pilate, at three o'clock in the afternoon, which was the ninth hour according to the ancients, was discovered sound asleep. We must not forget that he was a colonial official and that his siesta had consequently become an imperious habit. Obliged by his profession to make tours of inspection through all the unhealthy regions, like the plain of Joppa and the Jordan districts, the astonishing thing was that he had not suffered a little from rheumatism. Besides, he had just passed a terrible night. If you were ever responsible for maintaining order with a handful of mercenaries in one of those Asiatic towns that is usually peaceful and inert, but where suddenly, no one knows why, the soup begins to boil, you would understand what I mean.

The Jewish Passover was something like Ramadan or Muharram. Jerusalem was crowded with pilgrims who had come from the four corners of the Mediterranean. There was an atmosphere of excitement and fanaticism, and, at the same time, people had come here on vacation from their usual surroundings and from the oversight of the police. Not to mention the scum that such popular manifestations always attracts. Then, too, after the thousand worries of an overcharged day, the truly inadmissible attack by force on the part of those holy priests, that midnight arrest, those furious rushes from the tribunal of Caiaphas to that of Annas, those wicked old men being borne through the narrow streets at a gallop in their litters,

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preceded by torchbearers and attracting loafers who had to be driven out of the way by force, and finally, in the morning, the usual procedure, my appearance in my pretorium, the truly remarkable and successful effort to reduce this chaos of frenzied men to at least a semblance of order and correctness without a riot or an unnecessarily brutal intervention of troops or any cause on the part of Rome for anything except that sullen silence, that mixture of firmness, condescension, and ingenuity, of which our officials approve—really, after such efforts and such results one can understand my need for a little rest. And then suddenly, at exactly three o'clock, this awakening and everything that happened until sunset. If only there had been another sun in the firmament or, rather, if the real sun had not decided to withdraw itself into that cavern illuminated by the torch of the Furies.

I protest, impelled by my feeling for truth and after a cool examination of my official conscience, that, throughout that series of events which was suddenly unleashed and in which I counted for nothing, I acted irreproachably. I shall explain myself on demand concerning everything, but from now on I deny any responsibility. It all happened among the Jews. It was their business. I was a functionary of Rome. My task was to maintain order. There is no reason to demand anything else of me or to expect me to be able to understand those synagogue slaughters. The important thing is to control one's nerves, to thrust back energetically into forgetfulness and nothingness certain facts that would quickly drive one crazy if one stopped to think about them. No, no. None of these dangerous attacks of soft-heartedness. What one must look at is the result. Rome kept silent. Herod reconciled himself with me. The Sanhedrin sent me an official note of thanks. (In spite of the little incident about the inscription it was a pleasure that I could not refuse myself.) Therefore, what more could be expected of me? If those savages really sacrificed their god it is their business and I wash my hands of it. Let his blood, as they nastily say, be on their own heads. My own gods are five good little administrative Lares who have always stood me in good stead during my career. Don't think that I am steeped in those ignoble Asiatic superstitions.

What is serious is that the chickens will not eat. I never saw that before.

Yet I followed precisely the instructions of the ritual (*auspicia ex tripudiis*) that we were made to learn by heart as an entrance examination. I even employed the more or less honorable little tricks that are recommended when these wretched creatures make too much trouble. But nothing happened. They don't want to eat. I believe that the fault lay with those Palestine chickens which I had sent to me at great expense, those superb, pontifical birds with bare necks, with the seal of the College of Augurs on their wings. Some sacks of the most appetizing Sabine millet accompanied them, but nothing happened. As soon as they were put in the presence of my five birds they refused to eat, and if one grew insistent they preferred to cluck, as they express it in legal terms, *hic et nunc*. What am I, therefore, to believe? On the one hand, my official conscience does not reproach me in

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any way, but on the other hand there are the chickens. Where is the truth?

And then it returns, it recommences, and in order not to go completely crazy one must cling to one's heart with all ten fingers. This sudden awakening to the noise of falling tiles and tumbling furniture. The big bust of Livy in imitation bronze that my predecessor left and that weighs a ton and a half I found had fallen on its nose in the middle of my garden. I have seen few earthquakes to equal it. And what happened to the sun? There was no sun. Somebody snuffed it out. There were no clouds, yet it was dark. One could only distinguish the faintly reassuring stars, and low in the sky appeared a blood-red phenomenon that it was difficult to take for the moon. Added to this were those desperate women, that torrent of feet running at top speed down the little streets like cascades, those inhuman cries that were suddenly followed by a no less disagreeable silence, and then—one, two, three, four, enough time to count up to ten, to twenty-five—the beating of that icy wing.

II

Hades has opened its doors; a passage-way has opened up across the River Acheron.

You do not understand what I want to say. But that is just what it was like. I ask you to reread the little piece of verse I wrote at the time. Reread it. One can say things in verse that would not be accepted in an administrative report.

Throughout, I repeat with force, where is my responsibility? 'Crucified under Pontius Pilate.' Of course He was crucified under Pontius Pilate. What other kind of relationship could I have had with Him? It might be said that all Roman history developed to his profit and that the whole legal, diplomatic, and military machinery of consuls and emperors was constructed for his own particular intention. When the moment came, everything functioned of its own accord. It might be said that He had been expected, that each person had his fixed rôle and had studied it to the last detail. I hardly needed to intervene. The scenario, so to speak, carried me along, everything worked in the same direction with irresistible authority, and if there was anyone who kept his head a little it was I. But all the objections that humanity or the sentiments of good procedure might suggest were whisked away like straws in the wind.

Barabbas, for instance, 'Papa's Son,' as my young assistants called him, was a stroke of genius. My old clerk, who had been in the service forty years, was filled with admiration. No one can dot his *i*'s more elegantly or more authentically than these gentlemen of the temple when they are faced with their exclusive responsibilities. The blackguards understood it well. If you had seen their faces. They ground their teeth. The impromptu episode with Herod was equally happy. Everyone had to be in his place in the tragedy and no one was forgotten. After this, my rôle was purely automatic.

I therefore ask you to tell me what could have caused Mrs. Pontius Pilate to take such an unfriendly attitude. She surely did not expect that a magistrate was going to risk his position and suspend the authority of Rome on account of her feminine

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dreams. She disappeared with her servant, and I never knew what became of her. People pretend that they saw her at Antioch. Very good. I am not disturbed. Liberty has its price. But there is something about her case that does not leave my mind completely free. Evidently she disapproves of me. It is like the chickens.

It is astonishing how hard it is to make men of the world understand the professional point of view. Take a question of criminal procedure like the one that I was occupied with and that is really of a rather low order, considered in itself. The public believes that there is only one thing to be brought out into the light, that it is only important to know whether the accused man is guilty or not guilty. But the judge, and especially the colonial judge, occupies a special position and must take account of many other elements. He must appreciate the trouble that the individual submitted to his judgment introduces into the social order and the most expedient means of remedying it. The accused man may not be personally guilty, yet he may be socially guilty. He may not have committed any act that falls specifically under the jurisdiction of the law and that is punishable, yet he may have done social damage that is often considerable and that must be repaired. In the face of public order, nobody is innocent. If a god himself had been led to my pretorium I should not have judged otherwise.

Your own equanimity is the result of the security that you represent in the sight of your neighbors and in respect to the civic structure. If you compromise it by unconsidered gestures, even though they are not catalogued in my repertory, you are relying much too much on literal definitions that a professional man would at least not say were lacking in elasticity. When I heard the voice of the people at the end of this trial proclaim the opinion that the man who acquitted the accused would be an enemy of Cæsar I understood that I had to consider the accused condemned by a kind of spontaneous jury that had emanated from the ranks of his own fellow citizens and that there was nothing for me to do but confirm their sentence. For who could be a better judge of the necessities of its own conservation than the social body itself? How could I fail to subordinate the case of an isolated individual to the good of the empire which I represented as an official and of which I naturally considered my own position to be not the least interesting element?

Such are the reflections that an experienced man would call reflexes. They permitted me to confront instinctively and instantly an embarrassing situation with a decision and an attitude that would safeguard both the interests of Cæsar and the sensitiveness of an aroused conscience.

I must recognize, however, that there was in that affair, apart from the occasional symptoms I have just touched upon, something serious that remained unsolved and suspended. Why, if my professional conduct throughout, as my conscience reassures me twenty times a day, was remarkable and excellent, why do my thoughts keep reverting to that judicial episode? Why does it never stop passing through my mind and why do I never stop recalling the points of fact and law? That gigantic unknown

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figure that stood before me,—and it is not forbidden to think that in that abnormal body resided one of the chief reasons for the animosities that his compatriots seemed to feel toward him,—that man whom I merely sent along to his destiny, why is it impossible for me to recall any of his features? What was his face like? It is as if I had never seen it.

But what torments me more than anything else was the last question that I asked, the words of which I cannot remember. At that moment I was summoned outside the pretorium, and I did not have time to wait for the answer. I have the feeling to-day that I ought to have stayed, that the question was important, and that the reply might have had an influence on the outcome of the trial.

III

At this point, permit me, my dear friend, to abandon my ventriloquial habits, to which I cannot help reverting from time to time, and interrogate directly in your behalf that puppet in my arms which constitutes my entire company. Do not make the mistake of trying to recall his face. Only the general attitude matters. As for the face, it was one of those vague masks that the rain forms on the window of a railway carriage, where the eyes are clear for a minute to the detriment of the mouth. Come on, Pilate, talk a little and tell us how you passed the two years of your proconsulate that followed the year 33.

He pretends that life in Jerusalem had become impossible for him. He could not stand it any longer. Mysterious electrical shocks, rumbling thunder, the arrival of one cyclone after another shortly after he had passed judgment were followed by a kind of haggard catalepsy and that corpselike facial expression that Ophel and Sion still offer to-day to our fascinated eyes. For some time the echoes of Kedron still resounded concerning the tragedy that had just occurred. From Egypt to Galilee shreds of bizarre rumors came to the pretorium. One had the feeling that an immense secret movement was under way on every side but that this movement, which took its point of departure in Jerusalem, condemned the place of its origin more and more to a kind of spiritual extinction that could have no other end but the tomb.

One had the feeling of being inside something from which life had vanished. 'I cannot prevent myself,' said Pilate, in speaking of one of his conversations with Nicodemus, 'from admitting that he was right when he pointed out to me the wild, condemned aspect, the *marked* air, of the people we met. They looked like statesmen between sixty and sixty-five years of age who have suffered in a single stroke the effects of an old age that had been too long in coming. But, as for the explanations that the good fellow tried to provide me with, I had to beg him to stop after a few minutes. My head could not stand it.'

Now let us follow, if you will, with appreciative eyes the corroding effect of the disturbing, deformed news that reached Rome of the event at Golgotha. Pilate was not mistaken when his instinct, in agreement with the ambiguous expressions of his correspondents, warned him that the news had not been digested, and that

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a certain discontent that might be called physical was spreading through the government offices, a discontent that did not take the form of blame but diffused itself in the form of ill humor. Certainly a rule had been broken, and the character of the offense was aggravated by the very fact that it could not be localized. Thus our procurator, helpless and remote, felt the tie that bound him to the administrative centre growing weaker every day.

At the end of his two-year term, Pilate was therefore called back to Rome and from that moment on we know nothing more about him except that he fell into disgrace. His violent and weak character was obviously not made to survive long in an Asiatic post. A tradition tells us he was exiled to the Upper Garonne not far from the place where the tetrarch Herod himself, accompanied by his Herodias, ended an active career in bourgeois fashion. Perhaps they had been sent there to be watched over? Other legends tell us that he beat his breast and died confessing the faith in martyrdom. It even appears that the Abyssinian Church placed him on its altars. I suppose that the functionaries of the Negus are happy to find in him a patron saint whom they can invoke from among the ambiguities of their careers. But the surest thing is to listen to the words of our ventriloquist, who again asks to be heard. He has not vanished. He says that he has come to the most surprising point in his experiences.

IV

'Events,' said the poet Euripides, 'project their shadow before them.' There are no rattlings and rustlings in the night that an experienced ear cannot invest with retrospective significance. Thus, during the last two years of my stay in Palestine many little things might have furnished me with signs, like those symptoms of a serious progressive illness to which for a long time the attention merely accords the favor of involuntary registration. The most serious thing was the inexplicable disappearance between Joppa and Brindes of my portable pantheon. The most diligent search yielded no results, and since then I have felt as irked and nervous as a lawyer who has had his reference books stolen. But it was only after my arrival in the capital that the ruinous new gifts with which I found myself endowed and which up to then had expressed themselves merely in premonitory shivers began to manifest themselves in their catastrophical completeness. Yes, it is only too certain that the gods nourish a personal grievance against me.

I come at once to a most striking scandal, which the gazettes in Rome and the provinces described for several days, making evident all too promptly my responsibility in the matter. You know that officials are charged with a number of honorary duties, such as distributing prizes to deserving citizens, encouraging the militia and the fire department, attending anniversary celebrations, making speeches, and so on. My talent for speaking and my Roman gift of balancing periods and arguments qualified me especially for this kind of occasion. The administration therefore delegated me on that day to Ardea, the old capital of the Rutuli. I was charged with placing a crown

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of leaves on the local Jupiter to thank him for the good services that he had performed for the municipality during many centuries. I had just ended my speech and was mopping my moist brow, while flamens surrounded by incense and music were proceeding to the official sacrifice, when I perceived that Jupiter, by an insensible progress, had renounced the advantages of a vertical position and was leaning more and more over the ceremony with a beneficence that could not have been judged as anything but flattering under other circumstances. We witnessed this spectacle, paralyzed with sacred horror, but the flamens, who were wholly occupied with their pig, which, not without strident protest, had succeeded the ram and the bull on the sacrificial altar, perceived nothing. Finally, the god bent so low that he lost his balance and fell with enormous noise and dust on the flamens, completely crushing them.

How can I depict the confusion, the suffocating darkness, the piercing cries, the capsized brasiers, and, dominating everything else, that strong odor of excrement, because for centuries the droppings of night birds had accumulated inside our august Protector and the whole edifice was now filled with the sinister wings of these frightened creatures? I had to describe all that in my official report, and I was not long in reading, through the eyes of his assistants, that my superior was not pleased. For these officers, alas, are as subtle in assigning responsibility as they are adroit in declining it. I became known as a specialist in catastrophe.

Alas, as if to confirm them, this event was merely the first of a long series of suspicious affairs, my attendance at which seemed to be the determining ingredient. You know how easy it is in Italy to become known as a bearer of bad luck. My head was soon surrounded with that fatal halo. And yet, what part did I play in that ridiculous accident at Naples, for instance? I was only one of many spectators who had been invited by the Chamber of Commerce when the local Mercury split from top to bottom, revealing inside a most inconvenient view of the sacristan, armed with a small wax taper, performing his oracular functions in the intestinal labyrinth of the god. Why not accuse much more naturally a flaw in the metal or a sudden spasm of that volcanic soil?

I soon saw many other effects of the same destructive influence occurring about me. Presently it was impossible for me to enter a temple without seeing its immortal inhabitants seized with a kind of anxiety that became clearer the longer I stayed. I made the antique Python of the Esquiline burst, and in my presence the right hand of the divine Julius released the scroll of his speech against Cato. The most embarrassing case occurred in my embassy at Cyrene. Hardly had I lit the incense before the sublime image of our Venus Aphrodite when I saw—and my own eyes were not the only witnesses—the calm contemplation on that pure face succeeded by that kind of wrinkling of the forehead that among mortals precedes the explosion of a sneeze. Many centuries of bare exposure to the wind had not been able to accomplish what my hand had achieved in two seconds with a few grains of incense.

I also recall a comic episode. I was accompanying one of my friends on

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a tax-collecting expedition and we had arrived at the house of a rich old man who had for years succeeded in escaping the explorations of the treasury. This time we again found nothing and shared with the old rascal, who had been put in a good humor by our failure, a niggardly repast of sour wine and acorns. Suddenly, behind me, I heard a sigh, a slight noise of something coming loose, and I saw the face of our host fall. I turned. It was the paunch of the God of Fortune, who occupied the place of honor on the domestic altar, suddenly opening on its hinges, exposing what was within: shelf upon shelf where our good fellow had concealed his treasures, piles of cash, silverware, jewels, and titles to property. It took us a whole afternoon to make an inventory of the idol.

V

What has happened? In what trap have I unknowingly been caught? I wonder what occult influence, what indelible virtue impregnates my presence and my countenance so that my physical presence is alone enough to disturb the gods from that attitude of neutrality which is the chief benefit we can expect from them, stirring them from the conventional immobility in which we have been able to incarcerate them, thanks to the aid of art. Just as the presence of a woman during her monthly periods of illness upsets the cultivation of mushrooms and the obscure workings of casks of wine, so I cannot enter a temple without causing the spirit that resides in the stone or the bronze from fermenting. What is there about me that has made me a shatterer of the gods against my will, that makes me unable to look sympathetically but insistently at these venerable figures without at once causing them visibly to lose countenance, without provoking them to divest themselves of a permanence that the most compact customs have authorized? What disease did I contract in that curious country where one of the first commandments of religious law is, 'Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image'?

There is no answer to this question. Communication is cut, and, after hearing this voice from beyond the tomb, you can imagine, if you like, as if over the radio, a magnetic conflict of counter accusations. But nothing prevents us from letting the story continue by itself as if of its own weight. While Pontius Pilate, surrounded by his bears and bisons in the Upper Garonne, watches over a toothless tetrarch who is accompanied by his fat Levantine wife, what is going on inside him? What does he dream of when he sleeps? What is being plotted underground? What subterranean doors does he hear opening in the depth of his sleepless nights? What rumblings of a frenzied crowd does he hear when he suddenly sees standing before him that gigantic accused figure whose face he cannot identify? What sensation of a civilization crumbling in the light of a sun that went out before the terrible procession resumed its march once again? And always in his mind, interpolating themselves, superimposing themselves, insinuating themselves, interlacing, attacking, confronting themselves, turning round about each other, those two great sayings that constitute for him the sum and substance of the trial: 'Behold the Man,' and 'What is truth?'

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A French architectural critic with conservative political convictions attacks the 'Communist' trend in modern building. He is answered by a distinguished young New York architect, the winner of several awards, who urges the need for housing reform here and now.

Toward a New Architecture

A Transatlantic Debate

I. Bolshevized Architecture

By Camille Mauclair

Translated from *Le Temps*, Paris Semiofficial Daily

'However closely one tries to stick to general ideas, it is sometimes impossible not to turn to examples and names in order to throw more light on the path that I have been pointing out to the public.'

It is for this reason that I cite M. Le Corbusier, architect and theorist. His fanatical supporters hail him as a prophet with a genius for revealing the future; his detractors call him a maniacal idealist who is also rabid and nebulous. It has even been said that he is an agent of international Communism. Certainly he is widely discussed. He might be called the Picasso of concrete, but he is more personal. He is not a dabbler; he has a rigorous, Calvinistic refusal to compromise that enjoins him to impose his ideas of building on a 'termitized' universe. Here are some of his own remarks, contributed by M. Le Corbusier himself to *L'Esprit Nouveau*, a curious review decorated with the five-pointed star of the Soviet and dedicated wholly to the glory of what I am tempted to call (in M. Le Corbusier's idiom) 'the machine for boring.'

Along with such foreigners as the architects, Gropius and Loos, several *surréalistes* and members of the Dada movement have collaborated on this review. It is written in French and its

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purpose is ostensibly an æsthetic one. It is very highly applauded by the intellectuals of Montparnasse and circulates among pink groups all over the world. I shall quote from it, limiting myself to what is indispensable:—

'We must create the spirit of mass production. If one tears from his heart the fixed conception of a house, one comes to understand the house as a tool, the mass-production house, on condition, of course, that the tenant modifies his mentality. The house will cease to be that stolid thing which tries to defy the centuries, but will become an instrument like the automobile. It will cease to be an archaic unit, devotion to which underlies the cult of the family, of the race, and so forth. Diogenes' tub remains the type of ideal existence. . . . It is not a question of forms borrowed from the Louis XIV, baroque, or Gothic period, of a retrospective mess of venerable offal. Machinism has arisen. Death knocks at the door.

'A donkey has laid out all the cities on the European continent. The street should be a machine for circulation, a kind of elongated factory. A chair is a tool for sitting down. As for that great investment, the closely built centre of Paris, it would be well if part of it belonged to foreigners. If billions of francs were invested in gigantic glass towers, many of which belonged to Americans and Germans, can you believe that the owners would not forbid their destruction by long-range guns? Here is perhaps a remedy for air-raid warfare. Internationalize the centre of Paris.'

The interesting point is not to decide whether this genius draws his inspiration from abnormal psychology or whether Le Corbusier is not the Lenin rather than the Picasso of concrete. Although we have become accustomed to extremism, I remember that the charming words, 'venerable offal,' applied to Versailles and Chartres, raised some lively protests from young architects. But it is more important to examine closely the spirit of the above quotation.

II

This spirit is not only that of the 'machine for living' under conditions of communistic mass production, the spirit of the impersonal anthill of the termites, the eventual tenant of which is invited (and if necessary will be forced) to modify his archaic attitude. The same spirit may gratify the inflamed enthusiasts who in the same review expressed the wish to 'burn the Louvre or at least transform the Rubens gallery into a skating rink' and who continue to vaunt indiscriminately Marat, Babeuf, the Marquis de Sade, and Lautréaumont as the angels of annunciation of the future. We notice that all this is completely in accord with the flatly Bolshevist ideas of the German architect, Gropius, who is praised to the skies in both French and Russian Communist journals. The close tie between Bolshevism, futurism in the plastic arts, and literary *surréalisme* is undeniable. It is the result of a plan of propaganda. Because I foresaw it and pointed it out, I have been insulted with a violence that seems disproportionate to a mere matter of opinion; but the facts and the cumulative recognition of certain underlying elements have confirmed my convictions. These discussions of beauty and novelty are only masks for strong-arm tactics and for

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certain big mercantile interests. For international capital seems to work toward Bolshevism, which appears to be its destroyer, but is really its future source of gain.

'But,' the astonished reader will ask, 'what has the strong-arm policy to do with architecture?' And a great number of the younger generation are just as unsuspecting. They are dupes of their love of novelty, their desire to be up to the minute. Furthermore, many of the advance-guard publicists are disinterested, though others may not be. Let us then answer them from these same Bolshevizing art journals.

It is a question of destroying bourgeois taste and tradition. At first they bewildered the public, puffed up absurd pictures, and accustomed the eye to distortions, to puns. Snobbishness and speculation also played their part. But pictures, after all, are small potatoes. A more effectual way of astonishing and termitizing the public would be to impose on it whole streets of 'dwelling machines' at once. The reviews I speak of are forever emphasizing the important rôle of the arts in social demolition, the hypnotic value of planned ugliness.

M. François Fosca, one of the rare critics who have risen against M. Le Corbusier, ignoring his Bolshevism, but seeing in this architect a force devoid of æsthetic sense, asks him: 'If around us everything is a machine, then we ourselves are machines, but for what purpose?'

It would be difficult to go more directly to the root of the matter. Machines, living in machines, and propagating (by machine?) young machines to operate other machines—it is to this that they would reduce mankind. Nothing has ever made more apparent the immense error of believing that the rapid expansion of mechanical progress must necessarily mean the overthrow of all moral and æsthetic values, themselves the products of very slow evolution, and the immense error of making ourselves the slaves of the mechanical aids we have devised for our use. Fortunately, there are other architects, by no means traditionalists, who give evidence of a sane modernism, suited to the land, the climate, and the race.

II. Design for Living Again

By Robert Perry Rodgers

ENOUGH examples of the new or functional architecture are now actually standing for the critics to be able to evaluate it as a method of building rather than as a philosophy. The scholastic debate as to whether the traditions of a home have any place in a 'habitation machine' is bound to give way, if only for an instant, to an investigation of how the naked machines are actually working. The opponents of a complete break with every kind of building tradition can now, by pointing to concrete defects in the new system, give their protests more point than was possible when all they could do was to oppose reactionary to radical theory.

Among the voices raised against the unbridled rationalizing of building is that of Camille Mauclair, who has gained public attention in France by

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his articles on the human termite colonies and especially by his assertion that the regimentation of architecture is part of the activity of the international Communists. Architecture, which is generally considered to be the best record of a people's cultural history, has supposedly always taken its form from the civilization that produced it. It is an interesting corollary that, conversely, the form of a civilization can be predetermined by imposing a given architecture upon it. Obviously architecture should be to some extent educational; it should be at least ahead of the mass of the people that it serves, instead of years behind, as it often is, notably in New York. Fortunately, however, architecture can seldom move far in advance of the masses, and a form of building that offends even the most enlightened part of the population cannot be forced upon the people with any success. Exactly as in political matters, the apathy of the public allows obsolete building practices to continue, but radical innovation is not tolerated. It stands to reason that if the American workman clings to the ideal of an individual home, he will continue to sacrifice himself to that ideal by living in an Early English house in Astoria, whose only resemblances to a Stratford cottage are the leaks and a 'half-timbered' effect that strikes an all too accurate note.

Rarely have social and economic developments been more accurately recorded in masonry than in New York during the Coolidge period. The expansion of our 'rugged individualism' under the impetus of undisciplined speculation is dramatically represented by incredible towers shouldering each other out of the light without any consideration for the health or convenience of the population.

The last (posthumous) expression of the Mellon reign is to be seen in Radio City. Here the municipal authorities not only allowed the erection of a building scandalously damaging to the city, but, if report be true, resisted the efforts of the architects to change the streets within the three blocks that the Rockefeller interests control and thus prevented the great amount of talent employed from being used to produce a sample of what might be done to improve the massing of buildings. Instead, they have demonstrated in a dramatic if costly fashion the necessity for a drastic change in the plan or the zoning laws of New York. This screen three hundred feet long and over a thousand feet high could not have thrown any more of Manhattan into shadow during the winter if it had been designed expressly for that purpose. It is, moreover, the logical conclusion of the development of New York under its existing plan and laws. It is encouraging, however, to observe that this building is already an anachronism. The abuse that was originally heaped on it for the simplicity (called modernism) of its straightforward elevations has given place to indignation against the economic and sanitary menace that it presents.

If the post-war skyscraper is no longer an expression of the times, the present cessation of building certainly offers an unparalleled opportunity to consider in a more reasoned way than before what trend American architecture, especially city planning, should take. The American attitude toward landholding dates from pioneer times and has been formed by the abundance of land to be had for the taking.

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It has not been materially affected even by the unparalleled concentration of an island city like New York. After Europe emerged from the Dark Ages it was necessary to evolve there a code of land tenure designed rather to safeguard the interests of the community than to give free rein to the owner. Especially in the fortified towns it was necessary to restrict the rights of property owners to building only such structures as could not endanger the city in case of siege. When one considers the complicated division of responsibility under the feudal system, it seems not incongruous that public consciousness in England should have been so far developed under Henry VIII that an act was passed empowering municipalities to rebuild houses that had fallen into disrepair during the Wars of the Roses. Laws protecting light date back to Richard Cœur de Lion—a fact that should relieve the minds of our long-suffering conservatives who are alarmed at the prospect of our following the Socialist governments of Europe into subsidized housing.

II

There seems to be excellent authority for the belief that, in spite of our much vaunted standard of living, some of our large cities have slums that are worse than any in Europe. The magazine, *Fortune*, in the course of the campaign it carried on last year to convert the United States to the quantity-production house, began its text-book with the statement that '"Babbitt" as the saga of the age was not realism, but rich, luxurious romance.' Far from representing the average American, Babbitt, reveling in his vacuum cleaner and tile baths, belongs to the richest one per cent of our population.

Certainly in the years since the War Europe has made great advances in the housing of its urban population, while in the same period we have been pushing offices and hotels into the clouds and allowing our slums to take care of themselves. Until recently, interest in improving slums was regarded as the province of pure philanthropy, on the part of settlement workers and charitable organizations. By 1932 not only had the banks, anxious to maintain the security of their mortgages, been obliged to recognize their stake in this problem, but it was beginning to dawn upon the taxpayers that the continued maintenance of vast areas of obsolete housing inevitably involves the city in a heavy loss that must be borne by other real estate. During the War the movement of great masses of the population necessitated a hurried study of houses, which has yielded definite though sporadic results during the last fifteen years. Various individuals and groups have conducted research, and to some extent experiments, but to accomplish the sweeping improvement that the times demand there is a crying need for coördination. It is hard to see how this can be accomplished unless the government takes a hand.

Our people have shown that they are ready to try a strong government, having found 'rugged individualism' powerless to get them out of their present predicament. The most rugged individualist—provided he is not engaged in any promotion racket—can hardly fail to agree that one place where control and regulation are needed is in the closely related fields of city building and real estate. The

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somewhat trifling study of the housing situation conducted under the Hoover régime by the President's Housing Board could now be followed by a thorough survey undertaken from an adult point of view by the present Administration, freed as it is from the impediment of Congress. Such an agency could assemble the mass of valuable data collected by various foundations and the results of recent experiments in Europe. It could also make available for state and municipal commissions the findings of the best available authorities on the various aspects of planning, building, and financing.

Such an opportunity is not likely to come again soon. The public is now keen for a new deal, and talent of all kinds is far readier to work under government supervision than it would be in calmer times. The inertia of landlords and the greed of promoters have done more than the sociologists or engineers to prepare for a change, but now that a change does seem inevitable in city living conditions, as in our attitude toward economics and politics, is it not of vital importance that new building should not be allowed to go forward hit-or-miss, under the guidance of anyone who sees fit to guide it? Should it not be the result of cautious and flexible planning and considered control? Above all, should the question not be thoroughly aired? If Bolshevism can dehumanize a population by backing mechanized housing, certainly we can promote a higher humanity by a reasoned plan to provide decent homes for our citizens.

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BOOKS ABROAD

LE LIVRE DE CHRISTOPHE COLOMB. *By Paul Claudel. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française. 1933.*

(Julien Lanoë in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, Paris)

'A LYRIC drama in two parts,' the author announces. And, one might add, 'an oratorio with solos and choruses.' The soloist is called the expositor and there are voices of all registers and timbres. Here is a short and powerful symbolic work dealing with a subject exactly suited to the author of *Le Soulier de Satin*. But it is not enough to say that Claudel is in his element; the history of Christopher Columbus interests him at the centre of his being, as is evident even if one regards the work solely from without. Its mode of expression is brief and cogent, its sonority full and unaffected, its fantasy undistorted, its general aspect free and serene. One feels almost everywhere the vibration of those bonds of fraternity that unite the poet and his hero.

This is truly a drama of compassion. There seems to be no shadow of heaviness or arrogance, of ostentation or literary formality in these pages, which hum with life and young, ardent voices. Except for certain symbolic keys and doves, nothing is superfluous. Never has Claudel been less bookish, less studied. Although this work has been hacked to pieces, there is nothing incoherent about it, and the whole work is inwardly bound together, or perhaps held in equilibrium, by its very motion. It is not a series of pictures detached from a film of the life of Christopher Columbus. The man's whole life is gathered up in those essential moments that indicate its trend and final direction. The voice of the reincarnated Columbus speaks, as well as the voices of all those who opposed him. There are no picturesque and pompous evocations, no asides, but the heroic history is viewed from every angle at once. One walks about Columbus as if about a living colossus, and the numerous points of view give the book that speed and smoothness of action which Claudel failed to achieve in *Le Soulier de Satin* by excessive use of the same method. Here, however, the sole object of his incessant observation surrenders its secret simplicity bit by bit. We even see Columbus through the piercing eyes of the Mexican gods who have gathered together to churn the ocean on which the Spanish caravels are advancing.

The critic does not need to refer to illustrious comparisons. Let him leave Rabelais, Cervantes, and Camoens on the shelves of his library or of his memory. Let him even forget Claudel. Let him merely state that a man has written these pages for his own amusement, that he has brought himself face to face with his character by enclosing himself bit by bit in a circle of sonorous words. Furthermore, for all its apparent facility, this book is the most authentic and substantial fruit that its author has produced.

Where does this meditation on Columbus lead us? What is the significance of the colloquy between those two taciturn men, Claudel and the sombre Genoese?

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'The Opponent: It is you that I am addressing, Christopher Columbus, charlatan, ignoramus, hallucinator, slave merchant, liar, rebel, incompetent, calumniator.

'The Defender: All his faults, his illusions, his suspicions, his falsehoods, his genius, his egotism, his cruelty, his contempt for what he had discovered in the light of what he had not discovered—all those are the defects of love. Who can judge a man who is a prey to love?

'The Opponent: What kind of love?

'Christopher Columbus: Love of God's earth, desire for God's earth, desire for the possession of God's earth.

'Another Defender: Genius is like a mirror of which one side receives the light, whereas the other is all rough and rusty.'

Columbus always claimed that he was charged with a mission of which he received knowledge and certainty from the prophets of the Bible. Claudel, following the example of the Catholic Isabella, places full confidence in Columbus, and the sole purpose of his book is to illustrate the reality of this mission. But he does not seek to disregard the enormous mass of grievances that have accumulated against the illustrious navigator, whom his contemporaries—not to mention certain present-day historians—treated as an impostor because they judged him unworthy to serve as the instrument of Providence. Let us admit that he was a weak man and a sinner. God does not employ perfect workers alone. He even has a preference for the others. He loves to demand services of incompetent people and there are certain tasks that he reserves for the ignorant. Certainly Columbus was full of faults. But his carcass was good enough to follow the breath of the Lord's will. And so much the better if the fire of divine love was the only light in that obscurity which was so sadly obvious from without. The virtues of the saints themselves do not often shine from their faces. If Joan of Arc seemed a mad woman enslaved by a fixed idea, there was still better reason to believe Columbus a dotard, a lunatic, or rather a sly fellow, an adventurer, a man who was a prey to cupidity and to his mania for greatness. If the extreme youth, the lowly condition, and the ignorance of Joan of Arc were bound to injure her fatally, the advanced age of Columbus, his uncertain origin, and the strangeness of his talk were equal obstacles in his path. A man who has never arrived anywhere at the age of fifty must be regarded, when he tries to better his affairs, as a poor devil in search of pensions or commissions, a fantastic dreamer, a failure in short, with scarcely anyone to recommend him and give him serious references.

This man, whose discovery was destined to open the modern era, still belonged to the Middle Ages. He had few ideas, but those which he had he believed in, or rather he had only one idea and nothing could shake him from it. A fierce obstinacy made him persevere in his chimera. It seems as if doubt had never obscured his faith. Alexander the Great, urged on by an obscure desire, sought to reach the ends of the earth. Christopher, blinded by an implacable conviction, sought to prove that the earth was 'round and perfect like an apple.' What can a man of modern times undertake, a man who is enlightened on all subjects and is paralyzed by the very diversity

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of his knowledge? We must cling fast to an idea in order to fertilize it and bring it to fruition. Incredulity constantly disarms us and we give ear to false news from the four corners of the earth. We despoil everything without giving it time to ripen.

Overwhelmed with disappointments, annoyances, and bitterness, Columbus retained his hope. He carried the Cross beyond the seas. He served his God well. With the gold of the Indies, the riches of the Great Mogul, which, so he thought, lay within reach of the Spanish vessels, he proposed to undertake a new crusade on his return and to rebuild the temple of Solomon at Jerusalem.

But this faith and this hope would have succumbed if love had not nourished them. In one of his numerous letters to the sovereigns of Spain, Christopher Columbus, already crushed by disgrace, pressed them to declare themselves once and for all: 'Their Graces should admit I have rendered them immense services just as they have rendered me certain services through love, which is as it should be, for, when love ceases, everything ceases.'

But Christopher did not have a pleasing love. As Claudel says, he was a rugged man, worn by adversity, corroded first by long inaction, then by exhausting voyages of exploration, interminable palavering, and frightful seasons spent in tropical waters aboard ruined boats grounded on hostile beaches. Moreover, his nature was the reverse of sympathetic. Unsociable and self-contained, he discouraged friendship. No one could escape his ruling passion, but it was through an obscure radiance that he acted upon his puzzled comrades. Owing to his impotence, he was full of tortuous paths, for there was nothing of the conqueror, the organizer, or the arbiter about him. He never measured up to his task as Lord High Admiral and Viceroy of the Indies because only one idea counted with him—the continent of Asia. And, although he never admitted it, he must have well understood that he had only touched its outskirts.

The most touching thing about this man was that he was truly made for nothing but his discovery. As a Mexican demon puts it in Claudel's drama, 'Just think that an ignoramus is discovering this beautiful America and running his nose into it without even knowing what it is.'

Thus the task that devolved on Columbus, like that which fell to Joan of Arc, was primarily a material task. The one had to drive the English from France; the other had to discover new worlds. But in reality the great work took place within each of the two. Joan had to confess her faith before execution and Christopher groaned as he bore his chains of love. Love does not always carry with it a flower, a perfume, and a delight. Christopher was a man devoid of gentleness, a wearer of thorns. God had opened up a straight path through his faltering and ungracious nature. That is why the epigraphs of *Le Soulier de Satin* hold true in this book too and prove the crucial importance of these dramas in Claudel's work.

Deus escreve direito por linhas tortas.
—A Portuguese proverb.

Etiam peccata.
—Saint Augustine.

Jean Charlot's illustrations for *The Book of Christopher Columbus* are al-

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ways intelligent and sometimes very beautiful. They punctuate the text with smiles, exclamations, and allusions, inserting themselves in it with a delightful familiarity and robust conviction.

ES WERDE DEUTSCHLAND. *By Friedrich Sieburg. Frankfurt: Frankfurter Societäts-Verlag. 1933. 6.50 marks.*

(Walter Tritsch in the *Literarische Welt*, Berlin)

THE temptation was certainly great for Friedrich Sieburg, the author of the hotly debated and culturally challenging book, *Who Are These French?*, to write a similar book about Germany, following up the negative reflection with a positive portrait, a cry of warning, and an avowal.

This book has now appeared, and it contains just as many striking, vital, and penetrating ideas, solutions, and discoveries about the German people, just as many German interpretations and visions of the future as the French book, which was its precursor and prototype in every respect. It is just as informative and comforting and entertaining, and it is just as effective a remedy for strengthening all German aims and hopes, and it is just as satisfying to German pride. Even Sieburg's not wholly modest claim, 'Every word that I write shall be a path into the heart of Germany,' finds its fulfillment in this book, page by page. And yet . . .

Any object may be depicted in such a way that it seems to be looking at us personally. Everyone who has visited baroque castles remembers the inevitable ancestral portrait to which he is introduced with the words, 'Gentlemen, the eyes in this head are painted so enigmatically that they seem to be looking at the visitor, no matter where he may be standing.' But there is really nothing enigmatical about that. Every full-face portrait gives this impression, for with drawings that are in strict perspective all foreshortenings to the right and left always remain the same and hence cancel each other, even if the observer steps to one side. We thus believe, wherever we may go, that we are seeing the picture from the front, and we finally come to believe that it is looking at us personally.

Sieburg's art of direct address works according to the same law of perspective. Everyone, no matter what his political, intellectual, social, or racial roots may be, feels that he is being addressed directly, in a highly personal manner—and he feels that his inmost essence is being indorsed. That and nothing else is the secret of this book and of its fascination, the secret of its power of unconditional affirmation, its inimitable charm, and of the often irresistible seduction that seems to emanate from almost every one of its words. The powers that slumber and wake, build and fight in the German man are sought out individually and presented to the reader as full-face portraits so that he can never fail to see his own reflection in them and understand them as his own essential powers.

This book tries to reveal the community spirit of all those who are working for Germany. It tries to encourage the freedom of the individual to develop in the special German way. It tries to make community of blood into a community of thought. As for details, the book contains a host of illuminating ideas and happy descriptions of things, such as the concep-

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tions of creative sacrifice, the myth of becoming, work as a style of life, service as a form of freedom, divine peace and commercial peace, that peculiar German courage of thinking things out to the end, the convictions we share as a nation, and the true will of the people.

Besides the distinction between the German who always casts everything out from himself and the Frenchman who draws everything into himself, many other contrasts are revealed—the contrast with England's solid upper and lower classes and firm confidence, the contrast with the smooth beauty, devoid of problems or background, which characterizes the Latin peoples, and the contrast with Russia's visions of the millennium and the government control of the old mechanical calculators of liberalism. The numerous abysses and intricacies into which the author falls are relieved by his beautiful hopes and powers, while his summons to the intellectual leaders of a new Occident reveal many of his secret weaknesses and dangers.

But the meaning of this book is not confined to its details, however brilliant they may be. It not only erects a picture and a hope for a new Germany; it tries to show this new Germany its goal. And this goal has something very curious about it.

There is a quite definite way of producing a lasting and extensive effect with personal ideas. When one knows that one is faced by a mighty, irresistible current which one cannot directly influence in any way, it is best to plunge in head first and then not let one's self be carried helplessly forward but try to swim independently and maintain one's own direction in the overwhelming current. Real results may be achieved in this way, true, creative, important results. If a great national movement should chance to set aside temporarily one of its most essential aims, perhaps in favor of other tasks that are more urgent at the moment, it is futile to object that this or that should or must be done immediately. That would merely be to dissipate and squander one's energies. But by holding up a mirror to the movement and saying, 'See here, you are also like this,' one can make every follower and advocate of the movement gradually come to believe that he is actually seeing himself in this mirror. Although at first no individual is really the person he sees in the mirror, he gradually becomes prepared to accept the tasks that he once set aside with good reason. Then, at the psychological moment, when energy is finally released from other, more pressing duties, the reflection that has been held up to the movement appears to all eyes as its true goal, and the people are persuaded that they have always been working in this direction. Thus one can actually influence the overwhelming current. Truly superior ideas are always carried out in this manner, but only truly superior ones.

It is well known that Friedrich Sieburg has always employed the tactics of strengthening, ennobling, and furthering the ideas and forces of national revival, at the same time supplementing them imperceptibly with his own ideas and forces. And truly, many of his exhortations seem as if they were, or at least as if they could become, an essential part of the German national revival.

Is that an objection against this

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book? Must it for this reason necessarily fail in the aim that I have ascribed to it here of influencing the current? Am I reproaching the author with having turned too quickly to the new powers? By no means. For precisely this captivating, surprisingly informative frontal affirmation of the present and of eternity, this affirmation of all the powers of life has been peculiar to Friedrich Sieburg since his earliest youth. He has never been false to it, and it constitutes the chief charm of his writings and of his character, of his genius and of his success.

But at the present juncture—the book was finished just before the outbreak of the German revolution—perhaps a sharper cleavage with the many positive but mutually canceling forces of the old creative German chaos becomes necessary. It is still the essence of liberalism, helpless in the face of the existing confusion, to want to indorse everything that may possess good strength or good will, simply because at some time it may perhaps grow and serve and become creative in some sense or other. We are again faced to-day with the obligation and necessity of choice. We must accept responsibility for everything, keeping our eyes on the ground that is held in common, on an environment that lays obligations upon us all. Our pride shall be to create standards for the coming generation.

COURRIER D'EUROPE. *By Daniel Halévy. Paris: Bernard Grasset. 1933. 15 francs.*

(From the *Times Literary Supplement*, London)

M. DANIEL HALÉVY has written a good many essays concerning France, the peasants and workmen of France, and different problems and personages of French history in modern times. Among these books two especially are well known to English readers, the delightful *Pays Parisiens* and that *Décadence de la liberté* which warns us of the rapid decay of personal freedom in the triumph of democracy. Last year's volume was called *Courrier de Paris*. This year's is called *Courrier d'Europe*, though it is a book of travels and in reality—at least in its ultimate intention—is also a book about France; for the author's mind, whether he be in Poland, in Prussia, in London, in Geneva, in Austria, or perhaps especially in Rome, contemplates all these countries in reference to his own. What is the attitude of these nations toward France? Is their desire to help or to hamper her development?

The book, which gains in gravity and import as it proceeds, begins light-heartedly enough. The writer, on the spur of the moment, accepts an invitation to accompany a Polish friend whom he knew in Paris to the château of his family—and a country house in Poland, where several generations dwell together in amity, is a setting that a Parisian essayist is not likely to encounter often on his travels. Berlin, Warsaw, the Russian frontier are visited on the way, and the writer is struck by the change stealing over the face of Europe. French pictures take him to London in January 1932—London, which a couple of months earlier he had visited in order to study the general election. But London has not revealed her secret to M. Halévy. He had only seen, on his former visit, a people astonishingly calm amid threatening disasters, and, when he returned for the show at Burlington

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House, all he saw was the excellent painters that France produced during the second half of the nineteenth century.

It is a month later, at Geneva, in February, that he awakes to the full consciousness of a Europe insufficiently crystallized, still as it were colloidal, almost fluid, capable of flux and change and shock. 'Les états, dans ce monde mouvant et rapide où il leur faut aujourd'hui jouer des coudes, ne sentent plus que faiblement la force des engagements.' Nothing as yet is sure or sacred in this Europe of 1932. On the day that the Conference of Disarmament opens at Geneva, Japan, a member of the League of Nations, bombards Nanking. Wherever the eye reaches, the same insecurity prevails. War is subjacent everywhere, like water under the green of a marshy soil. Our French essayist has not been many days at Geneva before he perceives that the debate before the conference is double. There is an overtone and an undertone. The first is the question of disarmament and of the prohibition of certain especially inhuman weapons of terror. But the insistent undertone is the latent discord between France and certain other European powers—'la France défendant sa vie, ses biens; les autres, l'Italie, l'Allemagne, liguées pour la mettre à merci.'

In a subsequent chapter, 'La France jugée' (which is an answer to the German essayist, E. R. Curtius, in his *Essay on France*), M. Halévy, in his alert, subtle, and fiery polemics, shows himself an apt disciple of Pascal in his *Provinciales*. A second visit to Geneva fills him with irony and bitterness. What has the conference achieved, unless it has made more obvious, more palpable, the division that threatens to cut Europe in two? On the one hand the liberal, the democratic powers; on the other, Germany, Italy, Austria, Bulgaria, Hungary, Turkey, without mentioning Stalin's Russia. A visit to Italy concludes the volume. Few Frenchmen have kept a tenderer heart for Italy than M. Daniel Halévy. He does not recognize the Italy of to-day—positive, powerful, practical. Italy, for the future of Europe, is an enigma; her value is that of the extraordinary being who rules her, whose fundamental worth or wastage none can at present appreciate. To the French he appears a man of wrath. Yet it was said of old, '*Ex forti dulcedo*.' Is it possible that where Geneva appears to have failed Rome may invent a favorable issue?

VAGABUNDIN DES HERZENS. *By Karin Michaelis. Berlin: Gustav Kiepenheuer Verlag. 1933. 5.50 marks.*

(From the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Frankfurt)

A CONSUMPTIVE young Danish painter returns to her native land for a while from America and occasionally pays Frau Michaelis short calls, telling her the story of her life in a little corner of the garden. A remarkable girl, this Kirsten. An especially gifted painter, she does positively clairvoyant portraits, having painted among other things a symbolic feminine figure entitled 'Tiger and Madonna,' the sight of which causes her colleagues to turn deathly pale and tremble like aspen leaves. But art is not the only important thing in the life of this remarkable girl. The few years which the doctors give her to live she is devoting to a more vital task. She feels herself called upon to

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guide aright and lead to their life tasks the hordes of men who fall in love with her. She is, as one of her friends says of her, a divine light: God's fire is within her, and she kindles anew the holy flame. But her interests are still more varied. She not only loves pictures, people, and furious automobile rides; she also has a warm heart for flowers and animals. 'I remember how it was at home when the cows and sheep in our barnyard had their bad hours. I would always come to them with my old harmonica. . . . Debussy meant nothing to the cows. They had to have something slow and simple and sentimental. The horses, on the contrary, were best pleased with Rubinstein and Grieg and other things with a lot of rhythm and noise. . . . Pigs are not pigs at all if one only takes a little care of them and cleans out the manure from their pens. They can't help it if they have not learned to clean out the manure themselves.'

And once, when she experienced the catastrophe of a bursting dam and was in deadly peril herself and saw the bodies of the drowned being carried away by the water, she found time to pity the uprooted trees. 'I believe that the death of a tree must be ten times more agonizing than that of a man.'

She is a girl with much soul, with a pure soul. It is only natural that such an unusual girl should be loved by many men. It is also natural that she should succeed 'in constructing a life' for all these men, in turning a drunken cabaret fiddler into a great violinist and awakening paternal instincts in a vagabond by presenting him with a foundling child. She experiences no disappointments in her tasks of redemption, and when a cloud-burst and the breaking of an axle keeps her from meeting the only one of her friends whom she really loves, and her love thus comes to nothing, she is able to console herself, for, 'if we had remained together, the day would have come in which he would have had nothing new to offer me.' After many long ten-minute chats in the garden, she learns that she has at the most three months to live and disappears, leaving behind a note with the message, 'And if you should think of me in the future you may know that I have gone to my beloved trees on the Pacific coast.'

Charmingly and lightly written, this book makes pleasant and amusing reading and might have been a guileless piece of literature. But that would not have satisfied an authoress like Frau Michaelis, whose interest lies in humanity. Thus the book overflows with the wealth of spiritual exuberance with which the author invests the feverish inner life of the 'Vagabond of the Heart.'

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Scandal Stalks the Goncourt Academy

INSTEAD of dissipating the sensation evoked by *Voyage au bout de la nuit*, the last six months have resolved it into a controversy of the first class. The book, which was reviewed by Elisabeth Janstein in the March Living Age, marks a radical departure from the traditional French pattern, both in language and in subject-matter. Its publicity doubled when it failed to receive the Goncourt Prize after a juror of such extremely conservative views as Léon Daudet had stated in the *Action Française:* 'To-morrow at noon the Goncourt Prize will in all probability be awarded to a truculent, extraordinary work that many will find revolting because it is written in a raw style, sometimes colloquial, but real "red meat."'

The prize was given to *Les Loups* by Guy Mazeline, a well-written but uninspired novel of conventional type reviewed in our columns in February. *Lectures du Soir* printed that evening an interview with Lucien Descaves, Céline's sponsor on the jury, a writer admittedly very strongly of the left, who accused the president of the Academy of betraying the agreement by which Céline had been virtually awarded the prize at a preliminary meeting. He went so far as to say, 'I shall never again set foot in this Academy, which is nothing more than a market, a fair, in which, with rare exceptions, everything is for sale.'

The 'affair' was immediately taken up by papers of all colors and creeds. In particular, the righting of M. Céline's wrongs was espoused by the *Crapouillot*, a supposedly more or less advanced-art journal, which has made a fetish of the colloquial language unblushingly used by Céline in his *magnum opus*, somewhat in the manner of Ernest Hemingway. In the name of the Goncourts' memory, this magazine has launched a campaign for the 'purging' of the Academy by the dismissal of its president, M. Rosny, who, in turn, calls upon the *Crapouillot's* columnist to retract his defamatory allegations under threat of legal action. This is countered by the publication in the April *Crapouillot* of a long justification of its stand. On both sides the testimony is interlarded with recriminations, and the swordsmanship in the verbal duel is amusingly Gallic. The *Crapouillot* intimates that Rosny's publishers must have had an unusual motive in 'bringing out the forty-six volumes, or rather the one story that has appeared under forty-six titles since 1925, since nobody buys them.'

And literary Paris waits for the next ripost.

Talkies in Three Languages

JOHN HEYGATE, British production manager of the Gaumont-British-Ufa film combination in Neubabelsberg, Germany, has just completed work on a fourth trilingual film. In an interview with the Berlin correspondent of the London *Observer* he described some valuable lessons he had learned from working with French, German, and English directors and explained some of the differences between their methods.

'Exactly the same scenery and camera set-ups,' Mr. Heygate explained, 'are used in the making of all three versions. As a rule, the German version is shot first, then the French, and lastly the English. This means that the German actors have to bear the real brunt of the work—the unavoidable preliminary delays and pushings-about while lighting and camera set-ups are arranged.

'We find it necessary, however, to alter

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considerably the dialogue in each version according to the dictates of language and national temperament. This has led to the interesting discovery that the French version always proves to be the wordiest, and the English version the most laconic. During the production of *F. P. One*, a film that will shortly be shown in England, the English version came to be known in the studio as the silent version.

'Not before the first shot has been taken for all three versions,' continued Mr. Heygate, 'does the second follow, and so on to the final shot, each company watching the others and learning something from their failures and successes. Sometimes the Germans, who come first, will repeat a shot if they like the look of a feature introduced, perhaps spontaneously, by the French or English.'

The trouble with this procedure is that it makes for rigidity, but it has the advantage of enabling the directors of different nationalities to learn from one another. The first trilingual film, *Happy Ever After*, was produced last May and featured the remarkable Miss Lilian Harvey, who performed in all three versions. The fourth film, provisionally entitled *The Only Girl*, also stars Miss Harvey, who has since left for Hollywood. Conrad Veidt, who played the leading part in *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* a dozen years ago, is now appearing in both German and English films.

The Worst English Couplet

DURING a radio talk in June 1929, Gerald Barry, editor of the *Week-end Review* of London, attributed the following couplet lamenting an illness of King Edward's to Alfred Austin, Tennyson's successor as poet laureate:—

Swift o'er the wires th' electric message came,
'He is not better, he is just the same.'

The lines were quoted to illustrate the unworthiness of the author to hold the post also adorned by such masters of the line as Thomas Shadwell, Nahum Tate, Colley Cibber, Robert Southey, and Robert Bridges. Although the above quotation would seem rather to qualify than unfit Mr. Austin for the honor his nation had bestowed upon him, several defenders sprang forward, some asserting that he never wrote the lines at all, others stating that they were written while Edward was still Prince of Wales and that they went this way:—

Across the wires the painful message came,
'He is no better—he is much the same.'

Presently, however, the controversy became transformed into a contest among the readers of *The Listener*, who began sending in the worst couplets they could find written by English poets of high distinction. Tennyson emerged the winner by a substantial margin, being represented by the following:—

Shine out little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.
—'Maud'

My drooping memory will not shun
The foaming grape of eastern France.
—'In Memoriam'

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine no more!
O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren shore!
—'Locksley Hall'

A nautical excursion of John Dryden's proved signally unhappy, besides possessing no meaning whatever:—

Tack to the larboard, and stand off to sea,
Veer starboard, sea and land.

Another correspondent nominated Dr. Johnson's famous

Let observation with extensive view
Survey mankind from China to Peru.

A living bard from Belfast named W. K. Gibson, who is disqualified from Parnassus citizenship by his consuming love of England, has written a remarkable book entitled *For God, King, and Fatherland* in which this passage occurs:—

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Armageddon sure is hovering on the horizonic hour:
Soon the thunderbolts their bonds will burst that now but looming lower;
When the time and times of trial's test of pure soulonic power
Shall then show that Britons still possess the key to Triumph's Tower;
So let every Briton, true to creed, do loyally his bit;
As let every Briton's motto be, the simple one to wit,
'O we'll never, never, never, never, ever, ever quit
Until every nation understands Great Britain still is IT.'

And an unknown hymnodist is credited with:—

Earth from afar has heard thy fame
And worms have learned to lisp thy name.

Finally Wordsworth's *Idiot Boy* yielded:—

But Betty is not quite at ease;
And Susan has a dreadful night.

When the editor of *The Listener* decided that the time had at last come to call a halt he admitted that the original attribution to Alfred Austin might have been a false one, but he produced these lines which show what a sound claim Mr. Austin had to his laureateship:—

Autumn is come, summer is over;
The cuckoo flower gets mauver and mauver.

Mr. Blennerhassett's Yo-Yo Law Suit

BECAUSE an advertisement in the London *Evening Standard* of May 26, 1932, described the adventures of an imaginary Mr. Blennerhassett with a Yo-Yo, suit for libel was recently brought against the advertiser and the newspaper by a real Mr. William Lewis Rowland Paul Sebastian Blennerhassett, member of the London Stock Exchange for thirty years with an office on Throgmorton Street. Here is the complete text of the offending advertisement:—

'Take warning by the fate of Mr. Blennerhassett, as worthy a citizen as any that ever ate lobster at Pimm's or holed putt at Walton Heath. "Sound man, Blennerhassett!" they said in Throgmorton Street, and "Nice people, the Blennerhassetts" was the verdict over the tea-cups and in the local tennis clubs.

'But Yo-Yo got him, and now . . . One day Blennerhassett brought his offspring to a shop to buy them two nice books, entertaining yet instructive. Near the book department they first saw the Yo-Yo being played. . . .

'Blennerhassett, ever responsive to the "Gimme's" of his young, bought the children one each. At home that evening, with that deprecatory condescension so familiar in parents, he offered to give them the first lesson. Strangely enough, the Yo-Yo was recalcitrant. It sulked. First it would and then it would n't. But the Blennerhassett blood was up. The dinner gong rang unheeded. The children suggested, implored, and cried out, but Blennerhassett kept on.

'He was determined to make that little devil on the string do its stuff. The nurse took the children to bed. But Blennerhassett toiled on at Yo-Yo. Came the dawn, and he was still there, disheveled and wild-eyed, with the Yo-Yo string still dangling from his trembling fingers. They tried to part him from it, but it was no use; and eventually poor Blennerhassett was taken away.

'To-day he is happy in a quiet place in the country, and under sympathetic surveillance he practises Yo-Yo tricks. His old friends at Pimm's miss him at lunch, and three-quarters of a certain foursome have had to find a stranger to make up their quorum. So beware of Yo-Yo, which starts as a hobby and ends as a habit.'

As Mr. J. F. Eales, K.C., lawyer for Mr. Blennerhassett, explained:—

'It is rather a humorous advertisement and you only become aware of its serious nature when you realize the effect it produced. For, when Mr. Blennerhassett re-

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turned to the Stock Exchange after lunch that day, he was greeted with jeers, ribaldry, and laughter before his attention was called to the advertisement.'

And Mr. Blennerhassett could not take it. He testified that he had to leave the Exchange and then 'tried to make a reentry to the House later, but the position became intolerable. There was great excitement at the Savile Club and, after a conversation with Sir Stephen Killik, I instructed my solicitors to write to the defendants.'

Sir Patrick Hastings, K.C., the lawyer for the defense, then made Mr. Blennerhassett admit that his name had been a comic one for decades. There is a Sir Blennerhassett Portico in W. S. Gilbert's *Bab Ballads*, and one of Mark Twain's short stories concerns a Mr. Blennerhassett. Sir Patrick also tried to show that the character in the advertisement did not correspond in most details to the Mr. Blennerhassett of flesh and blood. Here is some of the cross-questioning on this score:—

'Sir Patrick: Were you in the habit of eating lobster salad?

'Mr. Blennerhassett: Unfortunately, I was.

'Q. Have you ever played golf at Walton Heath?

'A. I do not think so.

'Q. Have you ever holed a putt?

'A. I do not think so.

'Q. But you should know. What are your initials?

'A. W. L. R. P. S. B.

'Q. Well, I see a gentleman in the advertisement carrying a bag, but hardly big enough for your initials. [Laughter.] Do you think the picture of a gentleman smoking a large pipe looks like you?

'A. Must I answer that question?

'Q. Then nothing but the name and Throgmorton Street in this advertisement can indicate you. Is not the Stock Exchange the home of practical jokes, laughter, and cheering whenever they get the chance?

'A. I suppose it is.

'Q. In fact, the Stock Exchange is a place where they are very light-hearted—when business is good? [Laughter.]

'A. The Stock Exchange has been depressed for four years.

'Q. Then they must have welcomed a joke. Don't you think you must have cheered them up?

'A. I was the first joke that had appeared for a long time. [Laughter.]'

The author of the advertisement then testified that he knew the name 'Blennerhassett' because his daughter had a game in which she came into his bedroom in the morning as a valet with various articles of his clothing in succession and asked, 'Will Mr. Blennerhassett have his trousers?' The father would reply, 'Certainly not,' and, as long as that went on, so did the game. Sir Patrick Hastings concluded by assuring the court that he did not think a penny the worse of Mr. Blennerhassett—in fact, one suspects that both lawyers must have thought several pennies the better of him for enabling them to collect fees from such a case while two and a half million English people cannot find work or wages of any kind. The judge, however, did not seem to take the matter as seriously as the plaintiff and ruled that there was no case to go to the jury.

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AS OTHERS SEE US

Dictator Roosevelt

NEITHER inflation nor dictatorship is a novelty in Europe, and the extraordinary powers now conferred upon President Roosevelt are attracting as much attention abroad as America's abandonment of the gold standard did. The London *Statist* describes France as 'practically the last stronghold of financial and political orthodoxy' and expresses surprise and some misgivings that the United States should have joined the large bloc of countries that have scuttled democracy:—

The growth of dictatorship on the Continent is not perhaps really very surprising, for in most of these countries traces at least of a fairly recent system of absolute rule are abundant, and the reversion to type could be accomplished without the appearance of complete novelty. However, it is when we turn to consider the new disciples of dictatorship outside Europe that surprise may be expressed that the United States, surely the real home of the sovereign people, not only should be found to be strengthening the unique powers of its chief executive, but should be abandoning to his almost complete discretion the final argument of democracy—the power of the purse. Within the two short months of his presidential career, Mr. Roosevelt has broken two of the pillars of the Constitution, the gold clause and Prohibition, and has been given dictatorial powers over agriculture, the banks, and control of credit with the promise of more to come in the way of industrial planning. The abandonment of democratic control has been made, not grudgingly, but, to judge from the American press, with evident pleasure and to the accompaniment of boom conditions in Wall Street. The idea, in fact, seems to be contagious that in difficulties one head is better than two, or many, and while the citizens of Germany are hailing Hitler, the citizens of the United States are flinging up their right hands in salute and crying, '*Heil Roosevelt!*' or, perhaps, if they are classically minded and mistrust inflation, '*Ave Cæsar!*'

The *Statist* concludes by expressing concern about the financial policies of the Roosevelt Administration:—

The effects of the powers of economic life or death that Mr. Roosevelt now possesses cannot be confined within the frontiers of the United States. It may be that the citizens of the United States will decide that the potential dangers of wild inflation are not so bad as the present evils of deflation, especially if Wall Street retains its newly found activity, and that they are prepared to plunge into unknown difficulties in order to avoid those that are known. But they should be under no misapprehension that in the ultimate result they will be any better off, unless shouting '*Heil Roosevelt*' as the Germans cry '*Heil Hitler!*' makes them feel any better. If they do so decide, the consequences for themselves are their own affair, but we may also clearly look forward to a period of chaos in international financial arrangements similar to that prevailing immediately after the War. We believe that Mr. Roosevelt's anxiety to make the World Economic Conference a success, as witnessed by the proposed tariff truce and the probability of a moratorium on war debts, is evidence of his recognition that he cannot have both wild inflation in the United States and a stable standard of international values. If he prefers the latter and has merely taken on the powers under

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the Farm Relief Bill in order to prevent the politicians from putting them into a more imperative form, then the coöperation of this country in bringing the Economic Conference to a speedy and successful end is assured.

Harold Laski, back in England after five weeks in the United States observing the New Deal at work, prophesies failure for Mr. Roosevelt:—

The policies pursued by the Democrats do not think of issues in terms of the nation's mastery of its life. They conceive of the achievement of an equilibrium in which the independence of the small owner-merchant, farmer, manufacturer, or what not is secured. But this is a futile attempt to arrest a technological evolution in which the small producer is bound to go to the wall. Mr. Roosevelt is seeking to protect him by a policy of regulating capitalism.

At the moment, he has a free hand simply because the Republicans are so discredited. But his effort depends upon a rapid recovery of prosperity. If that does not come, he will lose his hold of Congress at the next election, and, with it, his initiative in legislation. In that event, his last year of office will be barren; and he will hand over to the Republicans—who stand essentially for big business—a highly centralized political machine more apt to the development of industrial feudalism than the world has seen in modern times. The American working man will, under those circumstances, be proletarianized under conditions that will make the task of organization more arduous and more bitter than it has been anywhere since the industrial revolution.

What I felt in America was that the whirlwind of depression had come so quickly that no government could bridge the gap between the historic psychology of its electorate and the measure required for reconstruction. That is why, I think, the presidential policy will be regulation, where the facts require socialization. That is why I believe that, despite his profound desire to help 'the forgotten man,' President Roosevelt is doomed to defeat; he is trying to do with the American economic order things its environment does not make possible.

Mr. Laski then points out that England's position is really stronger than America's because the issue of socialization is clearly defined over there, the Labor Party having developed a large following that knows what it wants. In the United States, on the other hand,

there are fifteen million unemployed who with their dependents probably constitute a population greater in number than the whole of our people. Great schemes must develop, like unemployment insurance, or social welfare, for which the necessary civil service will have to be improvised. Control of banking, hours of labor, property rights will have to be invented; and these experiments will have to run the gamut of a Supreme Court that is nothing so much as the final defender of economic privilege.

That is not all. The relation of the states to the Federal Government is largely archaic; yet it will be astonishingly difficult to secure its radical amendment. The temper of the people is ardent for change, but it is still set in an overwhelmingly individualist environment. Labor is badly organized and politically unconscious.

There is no well-developed coöperative movement. The whole social life of America, in a word, is still planned upon the assumption that it is the fabled land of opportunity. And only the actual vision of America can make the observer realize the volume of reconstruction, psychological and institutional, which the new environment requires.

I did not feel that the American Government has either the power or the institutions essential to the task it confronts. It

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is still, as a government, largely thinking in terms that the conditions have made obsolete. It is a 'Liberal' Government at a time when the recipe of Liberalism has no applicability to the issues before us.

Harold Nicolson, another Englishman of high intelligence, just back from an extensive American lecture tour with his wife, V. Sackville-West, compares the United States with Germany in a way that suggests that our own near future may duplicate Germany's recent past:—

Inevitably the Englishman becomes so confused by the interchange of the familiar with the unexpected, of the similar with the unlike, that he will tend to fall into the opposite extreme and to seek analogies, not between America and England, but between America and modern Germany.

There may ensue a period (probably quite a short period) during which the Englishman will be continuously struck by the idea that the United States are more akin, in habits and culture, to the German Reich than to any other of the European countries.

In New York, for instance, as in Chicago and Detroit, he will continually be recognizing objects associated, not with London or Edinburgh, but with Berlin. Such recognitions, although trivial, will prove illuminating.

He will observe the same checkered pattern upon the cabs, the same eagles upon the letter boxes, the same distaste for natural as opposed to florist flowers, the same neat wreaths at Christmas, the same strange passion for window hangings, the same inordinate Sunday newspapers, the same skill in cooking hare and venison, the same inclination toward very large helpings in restaurants, that trick of writing the sender's address upon the back of envelopes, that identical downward gesture of the palm (a gesture witnessed only in countries outside the old Roman limes), and the same disregard of personal appearance on the part of the male population.

More importantly, he will notice an uneasy disinclination to submit quantitative values to qualitative criticism, and, as symptoms of this disinclination, he will observe a common insistence upon speed and 'tempo,' a common love of size and numbers, a common hypersensitiveness, and a common belief in 'doing,' as opposed to 'being.'

He will find also the same pathetic absence of self-assurance, the same attempt to supplement personal character or tradition by such extrapersonal reinforcements as group solidarity, affiliations, mass encouragement, leadership, constant affirmation, statistics, graphs, knowledge, and material ostentation.

He will observe also the same thoughtless regional patriotism, the same municipal vanity—that unfortunate civic competition which has evolved the green girdle of Cologne and the new railway station at Cincinnati.

He will be struck also by the close analogy that appears to exist between the nervous uncertainty of post-depression America and the nervous uncertainty of pre-Nazi Germany, even as he will be interested by the similar alternations in each country between solidity and hysteria, between optimism and panic, between great loving-kindness and sudden movements of violent cruelty, between almost arrogant self-assertion and almost pathetic diffidence.

Even in the culture of the two countries he will observe elements of approximation. There is the same prestige attaching to innovation, the same gullible acceptance of the unfamiliar, the same dreadful confusion between knowledge and learning, the same absence of mental calm or elasticity, the same hectic educational impatience.

It will thus be a curious experience for the British traveler to find that on arrival he is more impressed by the analogies between America and Germany than he is struck by the differences between America

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and England. Here is a plane of comparison that he has not foreseen.

In considering the present crisis, the comparison is not insignificant. For a day or so he will amuse himself by toying with such analogies, finding them interesting and suggestive; and then, within a week, the phase of comparison will begin to wear off.

Insistent and baffling will come the question, 'What is the meaning of America?' If he be an honest man he will confess that there is no complete answer, at present, to any such question. The America of this moment is in a stage of potent transition. As such she is an enormously significant unreality.

Writing from New York, a correspondent of the *Pester Lloyd* of Budapest finds the United States being compelled by economic forces to resort to dictatorship just as the nations of Europe have been:—

The evolution toward a dictatorship in the United States is the product of the economic situation, the consequence of circumstances that can be escaped only by strengthening the central authority. A production system which, under the principles of economic liberalism, of *laissez-aller* and *laissez-faire*, has broken all bounds, must be put in order and held in check again. A strong state is needed to accomplish this. Authority must be concentrated in a single man. Parliamentary rights must be abrogated. People are tired of the explanations of liberal professors. 'Why are we hungry?' 'Because there are too much meat and grain.' 'Why are we going around in rags and tatters?' 'Because there are too much wool and clothing.' And so on. People have had enough of these paradoxical jokes. They want order, especially in the economic system, and since democracy and economic liberalism have since 1929 proved increasingly incapable of creating order in the economic system, all over the world, even in America, people are turning to dictatorial methods.

This is to-day a world tendency. In every country the basic principles of this development are the same. Only the forms differ from country to country—Cæsarism in Italy, Fascism and militarism in Germany, and so on. But in America this development is taking place in such a way that the old forms are being kept as much as possible and practically nothing is being changed outwardly. In this respect America is thoroughly Anglo-Saxon. Not for nothing has the American Constitution endured for a hundred and fifty years without the loss of a single paragraph. Just as in England the monarchy has retained mediæval forms and has changed only its essence in the course of time, so in the United States the presidency at Washington will be retained but, more rapidly than anyone suspects, it may be endowed with even greater authority than has yet been granted to even the European dictators. One should not be deceived by the fact that these full powers are of a provisional nature. Here too the saying holds good, 'Il n'y a que le provisoire qui dure.' ('Only what is provisional lasts.') At bottom this is a very logical saying, for it simply means that what is spontaneously born of circumstances lasts as long as the circumstances themselves. And the circumstances that are now creating a central authority with dictatorial powers in America are the economic chaos, which must be kept permanently in control.

In order to do justice to this movement in America, as to any other, one should not regard it with either sympathy or aversion. One should rather seek objectively to understand it. One should take one's stand on the basis of facts and remember that there is no one form of government that is best and that alone leads to salvation, but that there is only an optimal one, that is, one that works best under the circumstances. In the seventeenth and eighteenth century this optimal form of government was absolut-

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ism. And those countries that would not or could not adopt it suffered losses of power or even—as in the case of Poland—lost their sovereignty completely. In the nineteenth century this optimal form of government was democracy. In the twentieth it may perhaps be dictatorship. And present developments in America strengthen rather than weaken this supposition.

Dirge for Puritan America

HENRI DE KERILLIS, Nationalist member of the Chamber of Deputies and special correspondent for the *Écho de Paris*, has been touring the United States and writes as follows concerning modern religious trends in America. His is the point of view of a conservative Frenchman who supports the Church of Rome.

Of all religions Catholicism has resisted the tempest most successfully. Even if we consider it from the numerical point of view, which is sometimes deceptive, it has advanced, since the latest immigrant groups of Catholic Italians, Poles, and Mediterranean peoples are very prolific. But this is not all. Catholicism occupies a different position in America from what it does anywhere else in the world. Far from representing a conservative spirit, it plays the rôle of the assailant of Protestantism. It is the religion of foreigners, of multitudes of workers, the religion of groups whose strength is growing. It is taking the side of the intellectual and moral revolt that is gradually destroying primitive Puritanism.

It is an extraordinary fact that Catholicism occupies in America to-day a position similar in many respects to that which it held in the Roman Empire during its earliest days. Though it is not gaining all the ground that Protestantism is losing, just as it did not gain all the ground that paganism lost, it is none the less aided by the circumstances that are destroying the dominant religion. I should also add that in periods of suffering and adversity Catholicism—and I am here touching on a subject that ought to be treated more fully and deeply—responds better than any other religion to the needs of the soul. It offers more consolation and more peace. It carries with it more hope. Its strong discipline, its powerful organization offer a superior refuge. A Methodist pastor made this disturbing statement to me: 'Catholicism gains when man is in trouble. During the thirty years that I have been a minister I have always been surprised by the number of converts that are made in hospitals and prisons. Five times I have seen men who were condemned to death turn to the Catholic faith for help.'

It is Protestantism, or Puritanism, to be more exact, that is really being routed. Is this due solely to the crisis? I believe that it is much more the result of a long era of prosperity. The American of to-day no longer needs faith. He has become essentially materialistic. He lives in the present, and in his search for more and more money he does not think any more about his celestial future than he does about his terrestrial past. Look how rapidly the dead disappear. Nobody wears mourning, and in Puritan cemeteries names are not even written on the gravestones.

We should not conclude, however, that no more Puritan faith exists in America. The *Mayflower* inheritance is still alive, ardent, mystic, and full of admirable piety. But it is a faith that is growing more rarefied every day, and in this land of contrasts where there are so many leagues of free thought the most profound religion is close to the most complete materialism. Small religious groups have lost their former attraction. Conversions are becoming more difficult. Churches are growing empty. Nevertheless, the various reform churches are making desperate efforts to attract the public.

If I were not discussing such a respect-

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able subject I should say that the methods resorted to sometimes attain the summit of absurdity. One Sunday I happened to be looking over the programme of sermons that is published in the newspapers just like moving-picture advertisements, and I found in the *New York Times* the following alluring topics: 'Is your religion a frozen asset?'; 'The Scripture and the economic problem'; 'Good sportsmanship'; 'The fine art of making goodness attractive'; 'The message of permanent cheer.' One pastor announced that he would divert his congregation by praying in verse. Another held out the attraction of some worthless profane music. I went to hear the sermons on the frozen assets and on the connection between Holy Scripture and economic problems and I came out in a dream. If I return four years hence shall I find moving pictures in the religious temples?

The unfortunate thing is that Puritanism in America represents one of the essential foundations of present civilization. Puritanism has moulded American civilization into its present form and has impregnated it with the Puritan spirit. Of course it never was the whole of America, any more than Buddhism was the whole of India, but it was the principal animator of America in exactly the same way that Buddhism was the principal force in India. Puritanism was something more than a state religion, although it was never given that official title. Obviously, its work will not entirely collapse with it. The original basis remains—that Biblical foundation which is so evident, so solid, and on which the idealism of the nation reposes. Worship of the Bible, which implies the notion of a chosen people, fortifies the Anglo-Saxon better than equalitarian, democratic Catholicism. The pious old ladies of America remain completely convinced that they will occupy privileged orchestra seats in paradise. Even among nonbelievers this notion of racial superiority is profoundly rooted. It embraces the idea of caste and offers the only possible solution of the Negro problem.

But what will the future be? He is a bold man who dares to prophesy. America's destiny has always deceived the prophets. But it is hard to believe that the defeat of Puritanism is not final. The economic, financial, and moral debacle is weighing heavily on Puritanism, which, as the creative principle of American society, is responsible for the irreparable fissures that have occurred.

The other day Abbé Dimnet, a French priest who enjoys considerable fame in America for a little book on the art of thinking, declared to some journalists, 'You need a Gandhi.' This is true and profound. The oldest and newest civilizations in the world have traits in common, and the difficulties that are afflicting them both have peculiar analogies that make one think that similar remedies are needed. For my part, however, I do not believe in an American Gandhi. Lindbergh was one as far as he could be. The magnificent patriotism of America can be inflamed and aroused, but one cannot resurrect faith in a spiritual cemetery. And an American who would renounce his Ford and his cocktails, who would clothe himself in a loin cloth and eat rice, who would burn his Liberty Bonds and his Atchison, Topeka railway shares would, in my opinion, have no chance of success.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

EUROPE SINCE THE WAR. *By J. Hampden Jackson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 1933. $1.25.*

EMERGENCE from the present world crisis seems to hinge upon far-reaching revolutions in social, national, and international ideals, some of which may come to a head in 1933 and 1934. Just what revisions will occur we cannot determine now, but the present moment seems an auspicious one in which to summon a puzzled public to understand post-war changes and aspirations, and *Europe Since the War* provides such a summons.

The author combines the judicial tone of G. P. Gooch with the breadth of view of Carl Becker, and this little book would make an admirable epilogue either to Gooch's or to Becker's *Modern History*. The peculiar contribution of Mr. Jackson has been intensified by his ability to write about each nation's problems as if he were a serious citizen of that country, intelligently bent on the task of enlightening a visitor from another planet about that nation's needs and outlook. Moreover, he has the rare gift of seeing things in the perspective of a century hence. It is true that he misquotes a few dates, and it is queer that he should admit that most Alsatians are Germans, although refusing to admit that most West Prussians are; but these are minor issues. More important is the fact that any assertion of bias on the author's part would be only a reflection of a reviewer's own prejudices. The publishers deserve congratulation for having made such an important work available at such a convenient size and price.

IMPRESSIONS OF SOUTH AMERICA. *By André Siegfried. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1933. $2.*

THIS is no intensive study of South America but rather a series of glimpses in the form of twenty letters that read like transcriptions from the writings of a Bryce or a Daudet. Assuming a point of view that is more French than objective, M. Siegfried mistakes the veneer of his native culture that exists in South America for the real thing, and anyone who has delved into the national psychologies of Peru, Paraguay, or Chile would hardly ascribe to those countries, as M. Siegfried does, an almost total lack of patriotic virtue. Furthermore, it is inconsistent to explain away the significance of Spanish culture and Spanish blood in one chapter, and in another to warn the reader that the strength of Spanish civilization can never be overestimated and that 'this racial formation is proof against' outside influence.

The book abounds in French casuistry and cocksureness and offers a fair sample of the type of logic that occasions ecstasies of praise for the coherent lucidity of 'the short, brisk, declamatory periods of the superior tongue.' Yet, in spite of its shortcomings, one cannot hesitate to admit that M. Siegfried has again turned out an interesting and readable book. The pity of it is that a man who has written so well of North America should now fill the minds of his faithful readers with such a commonplace potpourri of popular misinformation.

THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF POWER PRODUCTION *and* MONEY POWER AND HUMAN LIFE. *By Fred Henderson. New York: The John Day Company. 1933. $1.75 each.*

THESE two small packages of dynamite blow several foundation stones out from under our economic system and in revealing its structure throw new light on current happenings. If *The Economic Consequences of Power Production* had appeared in this country in 1931, when it was published in England, its readers would have grasped at once the implications of Technocracy, because Mr. Henderson's whole thesis is that the application of mechanical power to natural resources has freed mankind from the necessity of constant toil and has made possible an 'Age of Plenty.' But what the Socialists call capitalism, what the technocrats call the price system, and what Mr. Henderson calls the money power condemns us to poverty in a world of potential abundance, and it is on this topic that Mr. Henderson is at his best. For *The Economic Consequences of Power Production* merely argues the same case that such American works as *Recent Social Trends*, *The Modern Corporation and Private Property*, and *Economic Tend-*

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encies support with copious statistics, whereas *Money Power and Human Life* gives a more complete and original interpretation of the technique of financial control than any recent American work in the same field. And, just as *The Economic Consequences of Power Production* would have thrown light on Technocracy six months ago, so to-day *Money Power and Human Life* offers an illuminating interpretation of another popular sensation—the Morgan investigation. Read Mr. Henderson's little book and you will understand that, the higher the ability and the greater the integrity of the Morgan firm, the more certain it is to block the maximum distribution of goods and thus defeat its only social purpose. But perhaps we should warn you in conclusion that Mr. Henderson believes that the world's salvation lies in the 'coöperative commonwealth' and that some day the scales will fall from our eyes and we shall take possession of our own.

MANCHOUKUO. *By K. K. Kawakami. New York: Macmillan Company. 1933. $2.*

'WHO take the 11,000,000 yuan or so that Manchukuo is called upon to remit every year to the inspector general of the maritime customs? . . . Again, who take the 2,500,000 yuan that Manchukuo sends to the inspector general of the salt gabelle annually? . . . The powers, America included.'

During the Middle Ages, Manchuria was divided until the ascendency of the Nuchen tribe under Nurchachi, ancestor of Pu-yi, now head of the Manchukuo government. By 1616 they broke the Ming dynasty; and in 1644 the new Tsing dynasty moved into Peking. Manchu warriors, known as 'bannermen,' ruled China. Despite historic claims, however, the Japanese author of *Manchoukuo* makes no attempt to stress Manchuria's right to independence, or even its desire to accept the Japanese gift of emancipation. He is content to set forth a moderate statement of Japanese interests and to discuss the social and human aspects of the problem that Chino-Japanese ruptures have created in Manchukuo.

The author of the present review has long held that it is only a question of time until Asia will have as many national states as Europe. Eastern philosophy made great gains in Central Europe after the War. One wonders if it laid the psychological basis for the National Socialist doctrines that have found wide acceptance. One wonders; meanwhile an ignorant press spreads outworn propaganda against twentieth-century realities! Perhaps Asia has indeed entered a neonascent stage of development. If so, Mr. Kawakami has made a contribution. In any event, his chapters on 'The Open Door—Is It Closed?' and 'The Red Shadow of Moscow' are well worth anyone's time.

TOWARDS THE UNDERSTANDING OF KARL MARX. *By Sidney Hook. New York: The John Day Company. 1933. $2.50.*

DURING the fifty years that have passed since Karl Marx died, two international efforts to put his theories into practice have come to grief. In 1914 the Second (Socialist) International offered no resistance to the War, and in 1933 the Third (Communist) International offered no resistance to Hitler. But, just as the Russian Bolsheviks breathed new life into Marxism in 1917, so to-day the opportunity may soon arise for a similar organization again to carry Marxism from theory into practice. Such an organization will not, however, receive much aid from this treatise by Sidney Hook, whose chief virtue is the negative one of not blindly adhering to the sectarian line of the Communist Party. He indicates Lenin's practical contributions to Marx's original teachings and he has an excellent chapter on 'The Marxian Dialectic,' but his weakness for philosophic speculation gradually gets the better of him and, instead of keeping the promise of his title and telling us what Marxism is, he writes an entire chapter entitled 'What Historical Materialism Is Not.' So great is the need for a clear, concise account of Marx's life and thought, written in the light of recent events, and so well equipped is Mr. Hook for that task that one cannot help emphasizing his shortcomings. For it is unfortunate that a man so thoroughly grounded in his subject, so skillful in exposition, and so shrewd in his selection of quotations should not be able to reach precise conclusions privately instead of debating with himself on the printed page. Readers of THE LIVING AGE unacquainted with the works of Marx but aware of their vitality at the present time will find Mr. Hook confusing if not dull, but those who have some knowledge of Marxian theory will find many of his chapters stimulating and the book as a whole worth while.

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COMING EVENTS

Austria

BADEN. Sundays, July–August; Derby.
LINZ. September, Art Exhibition.
SALZBURG. July 3–September 2, Session of Salzburg Orchestral Academy; *July 28–August 31*, Festival: operas, concerts, serenades, church concerts, performance of *Everyman* in front of the Cathedral.
SALZKAMMERGUT LAKES. July–August, Regattas.
VIENNA. July 1–August 12, Summer Course for Teachers in School Music for Children; *beginning of September*, Derby; *September 3–10*, International Fair.

Belgium

ANTWERP. Mondays, July–September 11, Carillon Concerts; *July 11*, Battle of the Gold Spurs, Concerts; *21*, National-Fête; *August 12–15, 20*, Communal Fêtes.
BRUGES. August 6–21, Commercial Fair; *13*, Triennial Procession from Notre-Dame de Blindekens.
BRUSSELS. July 15–August 25, Fair; *16–17*, Brussels Kirmess Fêtes; *21*, popular concerts; *23*, Procession of the Giants.
FURNES. July 30, Procession of Penitents.
GHENT. July 16–23, Communal Fêtes.
LIÉGE. September 1–15, Commercial Fair.
LOUVAIN. September 3, Opening of the local Kirmess.
NAMUR. July 1–31, Annual Fair.
NIVELLES. Wednesdays and Sundays, July–September, Carillon Concerts.
OSTENDE. July–August, Water Sports, Fishing Contests, International Fencing Tournament, Concerts.
TOURNAI, September 10, Historic Procession with Twenty-Five Thousand Participants.

Canada

OTTAWA. August 20–September 1, Canadian Bar Association Convention.
REGINA. July 24–31, Convention of Canadian Seed Growers' Association and Canadian Society of Technical Agriculturists.

Czechoslovakia

BRATISLAVA. August 27–September 3, International Cycle Race: Prague–Karlsbad–Prague; *September 9–11*, Congress of Slavonic Jurists.
BRNO. September 17, Masaryk Ring International Automobile Races.
ČESKÉ BUDĚJOVICE. August 13–19, International Canoe and Kayak Regatta.
HOŘICE. Sundays, July–August, Passion Play.
LIBEREC. August 12–18, Trade Fair.
NITRA. August 12–15, Feast of Pribina (1100th Anniversary of the Foundation of the first Christian Church in Slovakia).
PARDUBICE. September 3, Czechoslovak Gold-Helmet Motor-Cycle Races.
PRAGUE. July 30, Exhibition of Modern House Building and Furnishing; Boxing Match: Bavaria *v.* Czechoslovakia; *August 19–20*, European Canoe and Kayak Championships; *20*, International Conference of Canoe Clubs; *September 16–17*, II Tyrš National Games (light athletics); *24*, Rugby Football: Czechoslovakia *v.* Germany.
RUŽOMBEROK-PIEŠTANY-SPA. August 21–27, International Canoe and Kayak Excursion on the River Váh.
SMERDŽONKA-SPA. July 30, Russian Culture Day.
TATRAS, THE HIGH. August 6–13, Alpine Week.

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DENMARK

BAGSVAARD, LAKE. July 15–16, International Boat Race.
COPENHAGEN. July 31, Athletic Competition on the Sports Ground; *August*, Holiday Course in the Danish Language for Foreigners; *14–20*, The Copenhagen Ball Club's International Tennis Championship; *20–21*, Danish Athletic Championship.
FREDERICIA. August, Danish-Industries Fair.
SKANDERBORG. July 13–16, Jutland Cattle Show.

GERMANY

BAD ELSTER. July 20, August 3, 17, 31, September 14, Master and Symphony Concerts; *July–September*, Operas and Operettas at the Kur Theatre.
BAD HOMBURG. August, Modern Photographic Exposition.
BAD ILMENAU. July 22, Market Festival with Festival Performance on the Market Square; *August 12*, Performance of *The Robbers* at the Weimar National Theatre; *27*, Grand Historical Folk Festival, arranged by the Goethe Committee.
BAYREUTH. July 21–August 19, Bayreuth Festival Plays.
BERLIN. Late August, Tenth German Radio Exposition.
BRESLAU. Late August, German Forest Association's Annual Meeting; *September 1–3*, German Dentists' Day.
FRANKFURT-AM-MAIN. July–August, Open-Air Plays on Roemer Square; *July 15–23*, German Bowlers' National Congress.
FURTH-IM-WALDE. August 13, Open-Air Historic Play and Folk Festival.
HAMBURG. July 15, International Rowing Regatta; *August 15*, International Tennis Championships of Germany, German Golf Championships.
KÖLN. July 29–August 5, Esperanto World Congress.
KÖNIGSBERG. August 20–23, German Eastern Fair.
LEIPZIG. July, Richard Wagner Memorial Exposition; *August 27–September 1*, General Samples and Building Fair.
MUNICH. July 18–August 28, Richard Wagner Festivals; *July 21–August 23*, Mozart Festivals; *beginning September 8*, Richard Strauss's and Hans Pfitzner's Weeks.
OYBIN (SAXONY). July 16, Historical Monks' Procession.
PADERBORN. July 23–30, Liborie Festival: County Fair, Church and Folk Festival.
ZOPPOT. July 27, 30, August 1, 3, 6, Sylvan Music Festivals.

HUNGARY

BUDAPEST. July 22–23, International Water-Polo Match: Hungary *v.* Czechoslovakia; *August 20*, Processions, Fireworks commemorating St. Stephen's Day.
GÖDÖLLÖ. August 1–15, International Scouts' Jamboree.

SWITZERLAND

ADELBODEN. July 18, Pistol Match.
AXENFELS. July 20, International Tennis Tournament.
ENGELBERG. August 6, Swimming Competitions and Illuminated Night Festival.
GENEVA. July 31–August 12, Vacation Course in Rhythm Music at the Jacques Dalcroze Institute.
GSTAD. July 22–23, Schaefer Cup Tennis Competitions.
INTERLAKEN. August 10, Fireworks, Ball at the Kursaal.
KLOSTERS. August 6, Costume Festival.
LUCERNE, LAKE. July 22, Venetian Night Festival.
ZÜRICH. July 20–30, Swiss Heavy-Athletic Championships; *August 26–September 16*, Exhibition for the Propagation of the Graphic Arts.

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THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

WE ALSO turn to German sources for an authoritative statement on the books that have been blacklisted. Writing for the daily organ of the German book trade, Dr. Wolfgang Herrmann reproduces the official Nazi list of all the authors of belles-lettres whose works are not permitted to be taken out of public libraries, where they will be replaced by patriotic literature as fast as it appears. We have not given the list in full since not more than a few dozen names on it are known to American readers, but we have given most of it and have appended a postscript by Clifton Fadiman of Simon and Schuster expressing the opinion of an American publisher on what has just happened to German literature.

THE initials, 'P. C.,' signed to the imaginative sketch of Pontius Pilate stand, we are convinced, for Paul Claudel, ardent Roman Catholic and recent French Ambassador to the United States. Here, in any case, is a very different Pilate from Anatole France's 'Procurator of Judea,' who, on being asked in his later years whether he remembered the crucifixion of a certain Jesus of Nazareth who called himself King of the Jews, simply answered, 'No.'

THE functional architecture of Le Corbusier stirs Frenchmen to passion. Camille Mauclair, a critic with conservative leanings, abominates the attempts of certain modern architects to make machines for living instead of homes, and he attacks all efforts in this direction as Bolshevism. By way of rejoinder to his article, we print an essay by Robert Perry Rodgers of New York City, whose firm of Rodgers and Poor won the competition for the memorial to the Wright brothers at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. No connection has ever been established or even suggested between Mr. Rodgers and the Communist International of Moscow, yet he not only champions the 'Bolshevized architecture' of M. Mauclair; he criticizes Radio City.

ALL three items in our 'Persons and Personages' department are devoted to the personalities of the Nazi movement. First comes the portrait of a typical young storm trooper written by a German Liberal. Then comes a British psychologist and psychiatrist who has often visited Germany describing from his professional point of view the mental disorders of several outstanding Nazis including *Der Schöne Adolf* himself. Finally, the less paranoiac Dr. Schacht is depicted by an unfriendly Frenchman.

NOBODY can read through this department—much less the magazine itself—without being aware of the preponderant amount of material it contains on German Fascism. We do not apologize for this preponderance, but we do feel that it demands explanation. Hitler's arrival in power is certainly the most important political event since Mussolini's march on Rome—possibly since the October Revolution in Russia. His party has set about trying to create at top speed a new Germany which one may like or dislike and which we have tried to present from more than one point of view. The Third Reich may last for months or years, but the forces that it has released and the men who control it are new. Never before has a modern state apparatus fallen into the hands of a group drawn from the lower middle classes as exclusively as the Russian rulers are drawn from the proletariat. We are convinced that any magazine in our field would be abdicating its function if it did not concern itself with this movement at length and leave speculations on the World Economic Conference to the daily and weekly press, which is better able to report sudden changes.

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WAR AND PEACE

THE whole world is in revolution. Events themselves are a tremendous force pushing us on like some implacable will.—*Benito Mussolini.*

The danger in Europe is not a strong Germany, but a weak Germany.—*Dr. Hans Luther, German Ambassador to the United States.*

As surely as Germany acquired full military equality with her neighbors, while her grievances were still unredressed, and while she was in her present temper, so surely should we be within measurable distance of a renewal of the general European war.—*Winston Churchill.*

We are willing to consult the other states in case of a threat to peace with a view to averting conflict. Further than that, in the event that the states, in conference, determine that a state has been guilty of a breach of the peace in violation of its international obligations and take measures against the violator, then, if we concur in the judgment rendered as to the responsible and guilty party, we will refrain from any action tending to defeat such collective effort that these states may thus make to restore peace.—*Norman H. Davis, chief United States delegate to the Disarmament Conference.*

The future does not belong to fratricidal or mortal struggles. General pacification should be the aim of all civilized countries. Economic war would be utter folly. Remember, gentlemen, the world is sufficiently large to absorb the activities of all of us on the day when economic peace returns everywhere. Each nation has its particular genius and its aptitudes and excels in some field of production. Its superiority should not be disputed by others.—*Louis Serre, French Minister of Commerce.*

The economic and political damage inflicted upon Germany by leading American newspapers—led by the *New York Times*—is incalculable. Even Norman Davis is reputed to have literally stated in a small circle of confidential friends that war was close at hand if no solution was reached at Geneva.—*'Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung,' Berlin big-business daily.*

Neither politically nor economically could the application of any kind of violence in Europe produce a more favorable situation than that existing to-day. Even the decisive success of the new European solution by force would only increase the disturbance of the European balance of power, thereby planting the germ for new conflicts and entanglements later.—*Adolf Hitler.*

The path to war is the likeliest path in the Fascist development of Germany, all the more so as the entire European political atmosphere reeks of gunpowder.—*Fritz Heckert, German Communist leader.*

A curious and impressive result of the Hitlerite propaganda here has been to awaken a distinctive Austrian national spirit. We have seen it growing from day to day. Every time the word 'Austria' is mentioned it now evokes a cheer.—*Dr. Engelbert Dollfuss, Chancellor of Austria.*

The nearer we can make the world an economic unit the better it will be for each nation. In any event international coöperation is our best way to national recovery, and the nation that looks after itself in an international frame of mind will lead the world not only in enlightenment but in well-being.—*J. Ramsay Mac Donald, British Prime Minister.*

The question of Hungarian frontiers has been exaggerated. Our aim is to 'spiritualize' frontiers, so that their existence will not be realized.—*Nicolas Titulescu, Rumanian Foreign Minister.*

If present antagonisms between the British and Russian governments develop to the point of war we shall make it perfectly clear that we stand openly with Russia against our own government.—*A. Fenner Brockway, leader of British Independent Labor Party.*

Even Germany is demanding equality in armaments, and there is no reason that Japan, which never has been defeated in war, should accept a position of naval inferiority.—*Tokyo Foreign Office spokesman.*

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